

# FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES  
OF BOYS

WEEKLY WHO MAKE  
MONEY.

FIGHTING THE MONEY KINGS;  
OR THE LITTLE SPECULATOR OF WALL STREET.

BY  
A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



"Help! Help!" screamed Kittle, rushing forward and striking at Norris with her parasol. "Grab the little vixen and silence her, Beaver," gritted the broker, who, encumbered with the unconscious boy, was unable to defend himself against the girl's spirited attack.



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## **Fighting the Money Kings**

OR, THE LITTLE SPECULATOR OF WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

### **CHAPTER I.—The Little Speculator.**

"Who is that well-dressed young chap?" asked Broker Norris of his friend Beaver, nodding toward a sprucely-attired boy of eighteen who had just walked up to a trader standing on the steps of the Stock Exchange and entered into conversation with him.

"Haven't you heard of him? That's Bob Yorke, the little speculator. He's the latest sensation in Wall Street."

"What! The boy I hear the brokers talking about?"

"Yes, the same. They say he's just cleared a small fortune in B. & O."

"He seems to have sprung up while I was down in Florida, for I never heard about him till yesterday."

"He appears to be a pretty shrewd young fellow, thoroughly acquainted with all the ins and outs of stock speculation."

"Where did he come from?"

"I believe he was a messenger for a Boston broker till he started out for himself in that town, made a good-sized wad, and finding Boston too contracted as a field of action came to New York to spread himself."

"Expects to show us how to do business here, eh?" grinned Norris.

"I don't know anything about that. I haven't noticed that he puts on any airs. Seems rather a quiet, self-contained boy, who goes about his own business and lets other people attend to theirs. Henderson, who is acquainted with him, says he is a very gentlemanly young fellow, and apparently well educated."

"You say he made money in B. & O.?"

"That's the report; but you can't tell how true it is. A man's winnings, as well as his losses, are usually exaggerated in Wall Street."

"He must have made a deal out of the usual to get himself into the limelight, and he couldn't do that without financial backing."

"I guess he's got the stuff all right."

"A boy speculator with money ought to be a mark for Wall Street."

"He doesn't look like an easy one."

"He may be, just the same, if he's handled right," laughed Norris. "Where is his office?"

"Minerva Building, sixth floor."

Broker Norris made a mental note of the fact

as the two men entered the Exchange. In the meantime the subject of this brief conversation held a short confab with a well-known trader in front of the Exchange, and then went up into the visitor's gallery, which was sprinkled with men and women sightseers taking in the antics of the bulls and bears on the floor below. No one would have taken him for a speculator who had recently made a big roll out of an unexpected rise in B. & O. He looked rather like the son of well-to-do parents who had dropped into the Exchange to pass a few idle moments. He had a handsome face, his features being regular and clean-cut. His eyes bright and expressive, and his air was alert and business-like. He would have attracted attention most anywhere as a lad bound to make his way ahead in the world if accorded half a show. As a matter of fact, Bob Yorke was above the average in all the elements that spell success in this world. He was born and raised in Boston. His father's sudden death compelled him to get out and hustle to support his mother and two young sisters. A friend secured him the job of messenger in a State Street trader's office, and he worked himself up to the firm's representative on the Exchange, a position that called for tact, shrewdness and nerve.

As he had all three he easily made good. He found many opportunities to speculate successfully on the side, and thus acquired quite a large capital for one of his age who began on nothing.

The retirement from business of the firm for which he worked gave him the chance he had long dreamed of—to leave Boston for New York. There is only one Wall Street, and that was the Mecca of his ambition. So he packed his grip and came on. After looking the field over for a week he hired a small but handsomely appointed flat in Harlem and sent for his mother and sisters, whom he installed in their new home, which they liked very much indeed. Then he rented an office in the Minerva Building in Wall Street, had his name painted on the door, with the words "Stocks and Bonds," to indicate the line of business he was following, and almost immediately invested his money on margin in B. & O. shares, which were low. Inside of ten days B. & O. was up fifteen points. With a profit of nearly \$100,000 in sight he threw his holdings on the market at a moment that was critical for the syndicate booming the stock. The result was he broke the



market. Both the bulls who had lost, and the bears who had won, were anxious to find out who had caused the slump.

When the matter was traced to the young stranger from Boston he became for several days the most-talked-of person in Wall Street, and one daily newspaper printed a column about him, after its reporter had interviewed him at his office. Bob remained an hour in the Exchange gallery and then took a stroll around among the Curb brokers to see what was doing in that direction.

After that he went to lunch and returned to his office. A little red-headed office boy was holding a chair down outside the railing that divided off Bob's desk from the rest of the room.

"Anybody been in to see me, Dan?" asked Bob.

"No, sor; niver a sowl," replied the boy with a strong Irish accent.

Dan O'Hara was the son of the woman who did the washing and sweeping for Bob's mother, and the young speculator had hired him to look after his office and carry an occasional message for him. Mrs. O'Hara was mighty proud of her son employed in Wall Street, and told all her neighbors that Dan was working for a rich broker: In consequence Dan was greatly envied by the other boys of the neighborhood, who believed he must be getting a princely salary.

Dan was naturally a close-mouthed boy, and he wouldn't let anybody know what his wages were. Bob had bought him a neat and substantial suit of store cloth, to which Dan added a gold-washed watch-chain with a big key to hold one end in his vest pocket. When Bob saw the chain he bought Dan a dollar watch which kept accurate time, and after that the Irish lad held his head pretty high among his associates. The style that Dan blossomed out in involved him in several scraps with boys jealous of his good luck; but as young O'Hara was tough and handy with his fists, he came out first best from all of his encounters, and consequently established himself as cock of the walk in his own neighborhood.

Bob sat down at his desk and began to read one of the Wall Street dailies that had been delivered at the office while he was out. The young broker had seen it reported in the papers that he had cleaned up \$100,000 on his B. & O. deal. For once the press had got the facts down correct, still very few traders believed it just the same.

They had had long experience with the careless way in which the average reporter, in his hustle after news, handles the truth. There were some brokers who were not so skeptical concerning Bob's reported winnings, and several of these gentlemen were beginning to lay pipes in the young speculator's direction with the view of testing his sharpness and, if possible, annexing a part of his capital.

Among those who had an eye on Bob's stock of fleece was William Norris. He had just returned from a month's sojourn with his family in an expensive Florida hotel, and he was looking around to recover the money he had spent on his trip. Bob looked as if he might be a good thing, and good things never got away from Broker Norris if that gentleman could help it. The young speculator's entire capital amounted to \$145,000 at the time we introduce him to the reader's attention, and as he could not open a business account at any of the banks, because he

was under age, he kept it in a box in a near-by safe deposit vault, where he had access to it at all times between the hours of nine and four except on Sundays and legal holidays.

Bob was deeply interested in the Wall Street news when the door opened and Mr. Norris walked in. Dan jumped up and politely asked him his business.

"I called to see Mr. Yorke," said the broker.

"What name shall I be after tillin' him, sor?" asked Dan.

"Norris," said the visitor.

Dan went to the railing and said:

"A gintleman by the name of Norris to see yez, sor."

"Show him in here," replied Bob.

Mr. Norris entered the private enclosure and was asked to sit down.

"I heard a good deal about you, young man," said the broker, "so I thought I'd come up and make your acquaintance."

"Well, I'm glad to know you, Mr. Norris," replied Bob politely.

"You haven't been in New York long, I believe?"

"No, sir, about three weeks."

"You've managed to get yourself pretty well talked about in that short time."

"I didn't seek the notoriety, sir."

"Not directly, perhaps, but when a chap of your age goes into the market and breaks it the fact will naturally attract attention. You come from Boston, I've heard."

"Yes, sir."

"You think that Wall Street offers more attractions than State Street, eh?"

"Wall Street is the financial center of the United States, and consequently the place where the largest business is done in stock operations."

"And yet Bostonians regard their town as the hub of the universe," grinned the broker.

"I believe they do, but I prefer New York as a field of action."

"You expect to remain here, then?"

"Such is my intention at present."

"Are you doing anything in the market just now?"

"No, sir."

"I could put you on to a good thing if you'd like to invest anywhere from, say, \$50,000 to \$100,000."

"I believe a good thing is what everybody is looking for."

"If you promise to keep the matter quiet I'll let you in on a tip I just got hold of."

"A tip?"

"Yes, and it's a winner. But H. & O. at any figure under 69 and you won't regret it. I'm loaded up with it, but I know where you can get a bunch of it if you are spry. George Beaver, a broker, on the fourth floor of the Hercules Building on Broad Street, has a considerable block which I think he will sell at a point above the market. I advise you to call on him right away before some of the people who have inside information about what's going to happen in H. & O. get ahead of you. Remember, young man, you can't go to sleep in Wall Street and hope to get on. You must take good things on the fly, or the next fellow will scoop them in."

"I'm much obliged to you for the pointer, Mr. Norris, and may avail myself of it."



"Do so, and I guarantee you'll make another wad," said the broker, rising. "I am pleased to have met you, Yorke, and will drop in again some time. Here is my card. I will be glad to have you call any time you're around my way. Good-day."

Thus speaking, Mr. Norris took his leave.

## CHAPTER II.—Wall Street Snares.

"Mr. Norris was uncommonly friendly to give me that tip," thought Bob. "I didn't know that New York brokers were so liberally disposed as my caller seems to be. I wonder if that is a real pointer, or whether Mr. Norris has an axe to grind. I saw him talking to Mr. Beaver in front of the Exchange to-day. As all sorts of dodges are worked in Wall Street to get a fellow's money from him I can't be too careful how I take up with any proposition that's offered me. It isn't impossible that Mr. Norris is trying to work off some H. & O. on me through his friend Beaver. I've heard of just such tricks being worked before. He suggested in a pointed way that I lose no time calling on Beaver with respect to his block of the stock. Well, I'm not going to rush matters till I find out something about H. & O., and what the prospects are for a good rise in it. A certain amount of caution is a good asset in Wall Street, for a fellow can get stranded here quicker than anywhere else that I know of."

Bob put on his hat and went out. He called on the firm of brokers who had put through his B. & O. deal and asked the senior partner if he had heard anything about H. & O. lately.

"If you are thinking of buying it I would advise you not to," replied the gentleman.

"I heard there was going to be a boom in it," said Bob.

"On what authority?"

"On that of a well-known broker."

"Did he tell you to buy the stock?"

"He suggested it."

"Then he's probably got a block of it that he wants to get rid of."

"I had some such suspicion, for he referred me to a broker who I believe is a friend of his."

"An old trick. Thought you'd bite. The semi-annual report of the H. & O. road has just been issued and shows a considerable deficit. It will go to 60 in a few days or I am much mistaken."

Bob thanked the broker for his information and left the office. The young speculator didn't go near Beaver, and by the end of the week H. & O. was down to 61.

"That was a nice little trap," Bob said to himself; "but it didn't catch this innocent. I hope I may always be as fortunate in avoiding the snares that bristle all about Wall Street. The motto down here seems to be 'Do others as others try to do you.' On that principle I ought to try and get back at Mr. Norris for the kind interest he showed for my welfare. Maybe I will some time."

That day he had a call from another broker who wanted to sell him one of his brand of gold bricks. Bob was wary and wouldn't enthuse, so the trader left in disgust. During the next two weeks Bob discovered that gold bricks were

plentiful in Wall Street, and that some people made a business of trying to circulate them.

He had at least half a dozen brought to his notice, every one warranted as possessing the hall-mark of sterling gold.

"Lord, some men don't mind lying no more than they do drawing their breaths. I'll bet most of them are church members in good standing, too. Everything goes in Wall Street, as well as clocks and watches. Charity, they say, covers a multitude of sins. Well, I think the shadow of Trinity Church steeple covers its share, too, when the sun is setting. I suppose I'll be an old transgressor myself one of these days if I breathe the atmosphere of the financial district long enough."

Such was the tenor of Bob's thoughts as he reckoned up the number of attempts lately made by respectable-looking men to separate him from his capital.

"Dan," said the young speculator to his office boy one morning, "how do you like Wall Street?"

"Foine, sor."

"You say that, I suppose, because you have a sinecure."

"I have a what, sor?" asked the boy, looking puzzled.

"A sinecure."

Dan scratched his chin and looked helplessly at his employer.

"What's thot, sor?"

"You have a fat job—little work and fair pay."

"Sure, is thot a sinecure? Thin, begorra, I've got it," he replied with a grin. "I was afraid it was a new kind of measles or somethin' of thot sort. If you had more work, sor, it's me thot's willin' to do it."

"I believe you, Dan. If you stay with me you'll have more work by and by."

"I'll stay as long as yez'll let me. Me ould mother is mighty proud to have me workin' in Wall Street. She says I'm quite the gintleman entoirely, do yez moind thot?"

"You're going to night school, aren't you?"

"Faith, I am. I'll be a scholar one of these days, please the pigs."

"Where were you born, Dan?"

"In Ennis, County Clare."

"Are you glad your mother brought you to America?"

"Faith, I am. Me mother says there's no place loike Ireland, but thot's because she don't know any better, bless her innocent sowl! There's no place like Ameriky to make money. Sure, where would I get four dollars a wake and driss loike a gintleman in Ireland at me age?"

"When Christmas comes I'll raise your wages to six."

"Thank you, sor. Me mother will surely have a mass said for your sowl whin she hears thot. She thinks you're a foine gintleman, anyway."

At that point the door opened and Broker Beaver entered the office.

"Good-morning, Yorke. How are things?" he said.

"Fine as outdoors," replied the young speculator.

"That's pretty fine, for it's a glorious autumn day. Have you any J. & D. stock?"

"Not a share."

"I've been trying to fill an order for two days. It seems pretty scarce. If you run across any



let me know. I'll pay two points over the market."

"I haven't noticed that there was anything particular doing in J. & D. I don't see why it should be scarce."

"Some combination may have cornered it on the quiet. In which case——"

"It will boom."

"That's about the size of it."

Beaver, who appeared to be in a hurry, hustled away.

"If J. & D. is really scarce somebody has been buying up most all that's in sight, and they don't do such things for fun down here. I must make a few inquiries."

He reached for hat when the door opened again and a man who was a stranger to him came in.

"Is Mr. Yorke in?" he asked Dan.

"Faith, he is. Do yez want to see him?"

"Yes."

"Will yez mention your name?"

"John Hinkley."

Dan stepped to the railing and told Bob that Mr. Hinkley wanted to see him.

The caller was asked inside the railing.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Hinkley?"

"I'm a broker. I was told that you had some J. & D. shares. I want——"

"Are you looking for J. & D.?"

"Yes. I want a thousand bad."

"Well, I haven't a share, and never had any. I don't know why anyone should say I had some. Who was the gentleman who told you?"

"Mr. Bell, a broker."

"Don't know anybody by that name."

"Maybe he gave me your name by mistake. If you hear of any let me know. Room 704, Mills Building."

"All right, I will," said Bob, making a note of the name and address of his caller, who hurried off.

"I guess J. & D. must be pretty scarce when I have two brokers call on me for the stock, within a few minutes of each other," thought Bob.

Before he could reach the corridor door it was opened and a plainly dressed old lady in black, with a black hand-bag, walked in.

"Is this a brokerage office?" she inquired in a hesitating tone.

"Yes, ma'am," returned Bob.

"Is the broker in?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm Mr. Yorke, broker."

"You buy stock, I suppose?"

"I buy and sell it on commission."

"I have some certificates of J. & D. that I wish to dispose of."

"What stock, ma'am?"

"J. & D."

Bob was evidently surprised.

### CHAPTER III.—The Scheme That Failed.

"Got the certificates with you?" Bob asked.

"They're in my bag," she said, opening it and taking out five certificates calling for 400 shares each.

As the market value of J. & D. was 45, the certificates represented \$90,000.

"You wish me to sell these for you, madam?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Step inside the railing, please."

Bob examined the certificates carefully. They appeared to be all right. One singular circumstance about them was that the interest appeared to be due for sixteen years.

"How long have you had these, madam?" he asked.

"Only a few days."

"Only a few days!" he said in surprise.

"Yes. I found them in an old trunk in my garret that belonged to my husband."

"May I ask if your husband is dead?"

"Yes."

"How long has he been dead?"

"About sixteen years."

"Well, madam, the market value of these shares at present is 45. That makes the 2,000 shares worth \$90,000. Weren't you aware that your husband owned this stock?"

"Yes, I knew he owned some J. & D., but I did not know how much. After his death I looked for it, but could not find it, so I supposed that he had sold it."

"Well, I should say that there is considerable unpaid interest due on this stock. Just how much I couldn't say without seeing the secretary of the company. I'll give you a receipt for these certificates. I shall probably have no difficulty in selling them for you."

"Couldn't you advance me \$10,000 on them?" she asked. "I have a payment to make to-day of that sum. If you would buy the stock yourself I'd sell it for 42. You could send me the interest after you collected it."

"I haven't that amount of money at hand, madam. If you will call, say, at two o'clock, I might be able to accommodate you."

Bob wrote out an order of sale and asked her to sign her name and address to it, which she did.

"That will be all now. I will look for you to call some time this afternoon," said the young speculator.

The old lady went away with a receipt for the five certificates in her pocket. Bob started for the brokerage firm with which he did business and was admitted to the private office of the senior partner.

"Mr. Daly, have you heard anything that would lead you to suppose that some syndicate is trying to corner J. & D. shares?" the young broker asked.

The broker shook his head.

"Mr. Beaver and another broken named Hinkley, of the Mills Building, called at my office a short time ago looking for the stock, which they said was scarce. Mr. Beaver said he was willing to give two points above the market for it."

"I'm afraid this is another scheme to get your goat, Yorke. I've got 2,000 shares I'll sell for half a point above the market. Just wait a moment till I call up Beaver's office."

Mr. Daly put his desk receiver to his ear and asked to be connected with Beaver's place of business. As soon as this was done he asked the clerk at the other end if Mr. Beaver wanted any J. & D. shares.

"Hold the wire," came back the reply.

In a few minutes Mr. Daly was informed that Beaver didn't want the stock, and he repeated the fact to Bob.

"Will you communicate with John Hinkley, of



the Mills Building?" asked the young speculator. "The name is not familiar to me," said the broker. "I'll have to look him up in the telephone book."

On consulting the directory of subscribers he found several Hinkleys, but none of them a broker with an office in the Mills Building.

"Looks kind of fishy, Yorke. I guess it's another attempt to unload stock on you in some way. Somebody is likely to call and ask you to buy J. & D. of them, or ask you to sell it for them on the chance that you'll buy it in yourself, thinking it is scarce."

Then Bob told him about the little old lady in black who had called on the heels of Hinkley and asked him to sell 2,000 shares of J. & D. for her.

"Got the certificates with you?" asked the broker.

"Yes," and Bob produced them.

Mr. Daly examined them carefully.

"Did you notice that the interest was due on these certificates since 1888?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't that strike you as odd?"

"The old lady particularly explained that when she told me that the certificates were mislaid for sixteen years."

"She told you that? What is her name?"

"Bowen. The certificates are in her husband's name—John Bowen. Hes been dead for sixteen years."

"When the owner of a block of stock fails to call for his interest after the lapse of some years the stock is usually advertised for by the company in order to find out where it is. The newspapers sometimes find the circumstance valuable to use as a bit of news. I don't remember ever reading anything about missing J. & D. shares. The best thing you can do is to go and see the secretary of the company about those certificates before you do anything with them."

"That's what I thought of doing."

"If there's nothing wrong about them fetch them here and I'll try and sell them for you at as near the market as possible. It's my opinion, however, that there's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. The old lady's story doesn't look natural to me. Some brokers, I won't mention names, may be using her as a catspaw to roast you."

Bob lost no time calling at the office of the J. & D. Company. The secretary was out of town and the young speculator was advised to go and see the big banking firm of Bizzard & Co.

"They do our business," said the clerk in charge. "You ought to be able to find out all you want to know from them."

So Bob rushed around to the office of Bizzard & Co. There Bob was told that the best place to get desired information was at the office of the secretary of the Stock Exchange. Accordingly the boy hustled over to the Exchange.

He showed the secretary the five certificates, and told him how they had been mislaid for sixteen years.

"We have received no word that these certificates were lost or missing," said the Stock Exchange official, after he had looked at the documents, "so I can't give you any information about them. I see they were sold by Elias Fogg, of Exchange Place. Better call on him."

Bob began to think that the certificates were

causing him a lot of trouble. Still, as he had plenty of time at his disposal, he didn't make any kick. He called on Mr. Fogg, who was one of the guns of the Street. He was admitted to the private office after sending in his card.

"What can I do for you, young man?" asked Fogg in a pompous tone and manner.

"I have here five J. & D. certificates on which the interest appears to be due and unpaid, owing to the fact that they were mislaid for sixteen years. As you sold them to Mr. Bowen I called to see what you think they're worth now."

"Worth!" exclaimed Mr. Fogg after looking at them. "You might frame them and then they'd be worth the frame, anyhow."

"How is that?" asked Bob, greatly taken aback.

"How is it?" answered the broker. "These certificates are no good."

"No good!"

"No. Except as waste paper. As you see, they are dated April 6, 1888. When the road went to the wall in 1888 these certificates were called in and no new ones were issued in their place. That's all."

Mr. Fogg turned to his desk as though he had said all he considered necessary on the subject, and Bob, getting up, left the office.

He returned to Mr. Daly and told him the result of his investigations. The broker grinned and said that it was nothing more than he expected.

"You'd better frame one of those certificates as an object lesson," he said, "for I don't believe the old lady in black will return for her money."

The broker proved a true prophet—the old lady did not come back.

The game sprung on the little speculator was considered a failure when the old lady reported that the boy would not advance \$10,000 or buy the stock offhand.

As the certificates would not stand investigation the originator of the plot did not care to take any more chances, and it was just as well for him that he didn't, for the indignant Bob might have made it hot for him through his emissary.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Bob Makes A Fine Haul In D. & G.

Bob's confidence in human nature down in Wall Street received a severe jolt through the J. & D. trick.

"It seems to me that some brokers are willing to work any old game to get at a slice of your fleece. Eternal watchfulness is the price of safety down here. You really can't afford to put trust in any one if there's a loop-hole for him to crawl out at. There's one satisfaction, however, these chaps who have been making a break for me right along haven't gained anything so far for their trouble. Mr. Beaver seems to be one of them, and one of these days I may give him a shock that he won't forget in a hurry."

It was about this time that Bob saw a chance to get in on the market again.

For weeks the financial papers had been printing stories about dissensions among the stockholders of the D. & G. road. A clique of financiers thought they saw their way to scooping in the control of the company by buying up the shares of those who wanted to unload their hold-



ings. The insiders hastened to intrench themselves behind their hold on the company. They found, however, that many of their former supporters had deserted them for the opposition. The result was that a battle royal was soon being waged by the rival factions to get and hold a majority of the stock.

Thousands of shares had been sold to the public and all these were now being eagerly sought after. Bob saw his chance and jumped right in. The price was advancing every day. He left an order with Broker Daly to secure him any part of 10,000 shares at the current figures on margin, and it took the firm several days to fill the order. The stock was now growing scarce, for almost all the brokers were buying it, and holding it for the high price they saw in the future. Bob's shares cost him various prices, the average being 80.

In a week the price was at par, and three days afterward 110 was offered and refused for the stock. At the end of two weeks all Wall Street was crazy as sales were made at 130 in the Exchange. D. & G. had never in all its history fetched such money, and the end was not yet. Brokers who had intended to sell at par were now refusing 131. Nothing was talked about day after day but the furore over D. & G. The election was approaching and more strenuous exertions than ever were being put forth by both sides to get the stock. Millions were drawn upon with the idea that it would all come back eventually in one shape or another. Bob concluded that this sort of thing couldn't keep up much longer. Only the craze for fabulous profits that held the Street in its grasp kept the price up as it was. So one afternoon Bob put an advertisement in the "Daily Argus" that he was open to offers for 1,000 shares of D. & G.

Next morning his office was crowded with brokers by nine o'clock. He was down early and received them one by one behind the railing. To the first broker who interviewed him he sold 300 shares at 135, giving him an order C. O. D. on Broker Daly for the stock. He kept on selling small quantities from 100 shares up at 135 until he had exhausted 5,000 shares, no one seeming to notice that he had sold more than his advertisement called for.

Finally a representative of the party in control reached his desk.

"How many shares have you left?" asked the gentleman.

"How many do you want?" asked Bob.

"All I can get."

"What are you willing to give for any part of 5,000 shares?"

"Why, you advertised 1,000 for sale, and you must have got rid of nearly all of that by this time," said the gentleman in surprise.

"No matter what I advertised, I can sell you 5,000 if you want them."

"What do you ask?"

"I want 136."

"I'll take the block at that price."

"All right. Here's an order on Thomas Daly & Co. for 5,000 shares, C. O. D."

When the gentleman left Bob told the half a dozen late-comers that he had sold out, and had no more to deliver at any price.

Two days later Bob got a check from Daly & Co. for \$650,000, which included the margin he had put up.

He had made the enormous profit of \$55 a share on the deal, something that only happens under such exceptional circumstances as that involved in the D. & G. fight.

A week later the annual meeting of the road was held and the insiders won out.

Their victory cost them millions of dollars, but they had to swallow their medicine. The price of the stock began to tumble at once. In fact, a regular panic set in at the Exchange, and when the smoke of the slump cleared away D. & G. was roosting at 90.

Hundreds of brokers and speculators had made all kinds of money out of the fight, and hundreds of others, who held on too long, lost all they had up on the deal.

It is doubtful if anyone did much better as a whole than Bob, whose capital was increased from \$140,000 to \$690,000. And nobody but the firm of Daly & Co. knew that he had been so lucky. Bob hadn't forgotten the fact that William Norris had called on him and under the guise of friendship had given him a tip that would have cost him many dollars had he used it. He wasn't aware, however, that Norris had been at the back of many other attempts to reach his pile. The broker was too busy a man, as a rule, to give more than occasional attention to the little speculator, whom he found rather too shrewd to be taken in with chaff.

Still he did not altogether forget the boy. The fact that Bob had managed to stand him off piqued him not a little, and he determined to get the better of him some time. One day the little speculator heard, on undoubted authority, that a number of big traders had come together for the purpose of cornering L. & M. shares. Of course he began to figure on getting in himself on the ground floor and reaping another harvest out of his inside information. The market price of L. & M. was 68 then, which was low for the stock. Bob went to see Mr. Daly and left an order with him to buy any part of 25,000 shares. The broker started to fill the order, but soon found that the stock was quite scarce. After four days' hustling he barely succeeded in getting 20,000 shares. He notified Bob that that was the best he could do. Daly's messenger had just gone away, after leaving the note, when Mr. Norris walked into Bob's office.

"How do you do, Yorke?" said the broker pleasantly. "As I was in the building I thought I would drop in and see how you were getting on."

"That's right," replied the little speculator; "take a seat."

The trader did so and tried to pump the boy, but without much success.

"Are you buying anything at all?" asked Norris.

"Well," drawled Bob, "I'm thinking of buying some L. & M. Got any?"

The boy expected him to say "No," and was surprised when he said:

"I've got 2,000 I can let you have. What are you giving?"

"Sixty-eight," replied Bob.

"I want 68 1-4," said Norris.

"I'll take you," replied the little speculator promptly.



"Are you paying cash or do you want it on margin?"

"I'll pay for it on the delivery of the certificates."

"Call at my office with the money and you can have them right away."

"All right," said Bob, exchanging memorandums with him. "I'll be there inside of an hour."

"That is satisfactory. Do you want any more?"

"I thought 2,000 was all you had."

"It is, but I guess I can get you all you want."

Mr. Norris' reply convinced Bob that the broker had no idea that the stock was scarce. It immediately suggested a plan to catch the astute trader in a little trap if he would bite, so he said in an indifferent way:

"I don't know that I have the ready cash at present to handle any more, though I'd like to get about 5,000 additional shares."

"I'll buy you 5,000 and hold them for you on the usual margin. How will that do?"

"No," replied Bob. "I don't want to buy on margin. Doing anything in options?"

"Not as a rule. Why?"

"I'd be willing to buy 5,000 L. & M. on a fifteen-day option if you wanted to sell the stock that way."

Norris looked at Bob sharply. After a moment he said:

"What are you buying L. & M. for?"

"Just to be doing something. Things have been dull lately."

"Just to be doing something!" exclaimed the broker. "Huh! I guess you are looking for a rise in the stock."

"I'm not offering to buy L. & M. for fun."

"What makes you think L. & M. is going up? Seems to me the tendency is in the other direction."

"I think it is about as low as it's going to get, and ought to take a turn."

Privately Mr. Norris didn't agree with him, so he said:

"What are you willing to give for the call?"

"What do you want?"

"Well, I'll let you have it for 73."

"I'll give you 72."

After some argument the broker agreed to let him have the option at that, Bob to put up 75 per cent. of the current value, which would be \$17,000, as a deposit, which would be forfeited to the broker if the boy failed to call for the shares within the stipulated time. For fear that Mr. Norris might learn the true state of the market with reference to L. & M., Bob decided to accompany the broker to his office to complete the deal, stopping at the safe deposit vaults on the way to get the \$152,000 to pay for the two 1,000-share certificates and the deposit on the option. So he told Mr. Norris he would go with him and settle the matter right away. This was quite satisfactory to the broker, and they went out together.

"Is this where you keep your money?" asked Norris as they entered the vaults.

"Yes," replied Bob.

Twenty minutes later the little speculator returned to his office with the option and the certificates of stock.

## CHAPTER V.—Which Introduces Kittie Clover.

On the whole Norris was very well satisfied with his option deal. He thought that there was nothing to prevent him from going into the market and buying 5,000 shares of L. & M. at 68, with the certainty of making \$4 a share profit on it, providing Bob found it profitable to call and pay for the stock. If, on the contrary, the little speculator found it more advantageous to sacrifice his deposit by default, the broker would still make the comfortable little sum of \$17,000. Of course 5,000 shares would cost him \$340,000, and that amount of money would be tied up for fifteen days, which would cost him something in the way of interest, for he would be obliged to hypothecate the shares for 66 per cent. of their current value.

There was another way by which he could get around it and save some of the interest. That was to wait and see whether the stock was going to rise before buying it. That was a risky way, and not usually followed by dealers in options. William Norris was a broker who often took long chances to make an enhanced profit, and as luck seemed to follow him he generally came out at the head of the game. In the present case L. & M. had been slowly falling for ten days, and in his opinion it was likely to go lower before it began to rise again. He figured that in a couple of days he would be able to buy the 5,000 shares for 65 or 66. That would mean an extra profit of \$10,000 or \$15,000 in his pocket.

The slump in the price had been brought about by the syndicate that intended booming the stock, for the purpose of buying it in as low as possible. Mr. Norris did not go to the Exchange and buy the 5,000 shares that afternoon, so he remained in ignorance of the fact of its scarcity. Next day L. & M. went down to 67 3-4, and Broker Norris smiled grimly when he saw the quotation on the tape. The slight decline did not worry Bob at all, for it was not unexpected by him. That afternoon he was walking down the corridor toward his office when he saw a girl of perhaps seventeen come out of one of the nearby offices. She looked so pale and delicate that Bob glanced at her with some interest and not a little sympathy. She started for the elevator, but had not gone more than a yard before the little speculator saw her totter and throw up her hands. He sprang to her assistance and was just in time to catch her in his arms as she uttered a sigh and fainted dead away.

"My gracious!" he ejaculated. "I wonder what's the matter with her?"

He felt that it was up to him to do something for her, so he carried her into his office and laid her on the lounge. He sent Dan to the nearest cafe for a glass of brandy, and while his boy was gone he proceeded to bathe the girl's face and chafe her hands and temples. By the time Dan returned with the cognac the girl was reviving, and she came entirely to herself after Bob had poured a part of the liquor down her throat. She was a very pretty young lady, and Bob took an immediate interest in her. She looked as if she belonged to a good family, and possessed a winsome and intelligent countenance. As soon as consciousness returned to her she started up and wanted to know where she was and what had hap-



pened to her. Bob told her that he had caught her as she was falling to the floor of the corridor outside in a faint. Then he had brought her into his office and did his best to revive her.

"I am very much obliged to you, and very sorry I have caused you so much trouble," she said in a sweet tone, while she looked at him gratefully.

"Don't mention it, miss. The trouble was nothing. I am very glad I was at hand to be of service to you when you needed it. Don't be in a hurry to go. You may rest yourself until you feel fully recovered. May I ask your name?"

"Kittie Clover."

"My name is Robert Yorke. I am a trader in the stock market, and this is my office. You are welcome to remain here as long as you wish."

"Thank you," she replied. "You are very kind. I will stay a little while, for I feel quite weak."

"You do not look strong," replied Bob. "In fact, you look as if you'd been recently ill."

"I have been. I've been very sick for several weeks. I have lost so much time that it is necessary I should get a position as soon as possible. I answered several advertisements and got some replies. I came down today to see the people. They all put me off, which means that they do not want me."

As the girl concluded her eyes filled with tears and she looked discouraged. Bob felt sorry for her. If he had had work for her to do he would have hired her himself. As he talked with her an idea struck him.

"It's pretty hard for a girl to catch on to a Wall Street job, I'll admit, for there are so many applicants for every position that becomes vacant. I think it would be a better plan for you to start out for yourself as a public stenographer."

"How could I?" she asked. "I have no money with which to hire desk room, and I am not strong enough yet to go around looking for customers."

"I'll help you if you will let me, Miss Clover. I'll let you have the use of a part of my office until you secure trade enough to pay your own way. Further, as you are not in shape to canvass for yourself yet a while, I'll see if I can get you enough work to keep you fairly busy so that you can earn wages."

"You are most kind, Mr. Yorke, but as we scarcely know each other it would hardly be right for me to avail myself of such generosity on your part. Believe me, I am very grateful to you for your offer, but——"

"Oh, come now, Miss Clover, you'd better accept, for you may not have such another chance to get into what might prove eventually to be a very paying business. I know two young ladies who started out in a very small way, and are now making very good incomes. I really use my office very little. I don't have many callers. My boy Dan here is growing rusty for lack of exercise. He shall carry your work to your customers without any charge to you."

Miss Clover protested that it was impossible for her to take up with his offer, as she had no typewriter.

"I'll buy you a machine and you can pay for it as you can afford to," said Bob.

As he pressed her again to accept she said she would like to talk the matter over with her mother before giving a positive answer. Bob saw her as far as the elevator, and she promised

to call on him in the morning as soon as she could come downtown.

## CHAPTER VI.—The Little Speculator Makes Nearly Three-quarters of a Million.

About ten o'clock next morning Miss Clover appeared at the office and was invited to a seat inside the railing. She looked much improved over the previous afternoon.

"Well, have you concluded to take up with my offer?" Bob asked her.

"Yes," she replied; "and both mamma and I are very grateful to you for your kindness in giving me the chance to do something."

"All right," returned the little speculator; "I will see about the typewriting as soon as I go out. I will also have some business cards printed for you. Come down tomorrow morning and everything will be ready for you. Then we will see about getting you work."

Miss Clover took her leave and Bob went up to Broadway to order the make of typewriter she had told him she was accustomed to. That afternoon Bob secured the girl two customers and next day she had work enough to keep her fairly busy up to three o'clock. She then took some of her cards and did a little canvassing on her own account. While Bob was helping the young lady out of her troubles L. & M. stock went down to 67 1-2, and then suddenly bounded up to 70. Mr. Norris then regretted that he hadn't bought at 68 and went to the Exchange to secure the 5,000 shares. He offered 70, but no stock came out. Then he offered 70 1-8, but still none came to the surface. While he was trying to get it a big broker came to the pole and offered 71 for any part of 5,000 shares. He got a few hundred, and afterward the supply seemed to run dry, though he made bids of 72, 73, 74 and 75.

Broker Norris looked aghast at the trader's bids, especially at the last one, which was three points above what he had engaged to deliver the stock to Bob for. He suddenly began to realize that some combination had cornered what was on the market. He rushed from the Exchange and made a tour of the offices to try and scare up what he wanted. The best he could do was to get 1,000 shares in small lots at 75. When he returned to his office he was boiling over with wrath.

"That blamed boy had inside information when he persuaded me to sell him that option. Now he's got me where the shoe pinches. I'm liable to lose a wad of money over the deal instead of capturing the profit I was looking for. This is enough to ruffle the disposition of a saint. To be caught in a trap by a mere lad—especially one I have been trying in vain to catch myself. I must make another attempt tomorrow morning to get that stock."

Norris surprised his employees by getting down unusually early. He started out early to try and get the remaining 4,000 shares. While he was on his tour the stock boomed to 80 on the Exchange. That made him pretty hot under the collar.

He found a broker who had 500 shares of L. & M., and Norris had to give 82 to get them. By noon he located 1,500 shares more, for which he



was obliged to pay 84. He was still 2,000 shares shy, and he could not tell what he might have to pay for them.

He called on Beaver and sent him around to Bob's office to try and buy back the 2,000 shares he had sold the boy outright. Bob was in when Beaver called.

"I came around to see if you had any L. & M. stock," said Beaver.

"I have," replied the little speculator.

"What do you want for it?"

"Ninety-five."

"Ninety-five!" gasped Beaver. "You don't seem to be overstocked with modesty, young man. Why, the latest quotation was 85."

"That so?"

"Yes, that's so," replied Beaver warmly. "The stock hasn't been as high as even 90 in an age."

"That doesn't prove it won't go par this trip."

"I'll give you 88."

Bob shook his head and Beaver left in great disgust. Fifteen minutes afterward another broker called. Dan announced his name as Hooper. He said he had heard that Bob had some L. & M. shares.

"You heard correctly," replied the little speculator.

"What are you asking for the stock?"

"Ninety-five."

"Great sardines! It's going at 86 on the Exchange," said the visitor.

"Then that's the place for you to buy it," replied Bob calmly.

"You aren't really asking 95, are you?"

"I won't sell a share less than 95."

"All right. I can't buy then. My limit is 900."

So Hooper bowed himself out.

"I'll bet Beaver sent him here," thought Bob. "And Norris sent Beaver. I have got Mr. Norris in a tight box, I guess. He seems to be 2,000 shares short on the amount his option calls for. I'll bet he's the sorest man in Wall Street about this time."

The boy laughed quietly to himself, then put on his hat and went over to the Exchange. L. & M. closed that day at 89 and opened next morning at 90. At noon it was 95 and Bob sent word to Daly & Co. to sell 10,000 shares in small lots at the market. It was snapped up in no time by different brokers. Then Bob sent Dan to Mr. Norris, calling on him to deliver the 5,000 shares of L. & M. at 72, as provided by the option.

The broker responded in person. He had bought 2,000 of the shares Bob had just thrown on the market. He tried to be cool when he walked into Bob's office, but the little speculator saw that he was as mad as a hatter.

"I'm through with the option business," he growled as he took the seat beside the boy's desk.

"Why?" asked Bob innocently.

"Why!" roared the broker. "Because this one has cost me a pretty penny."

"I should think you would have provided for the option at the time you sold it to me. Most brokers do," replied Bob.

"Look here, Yorke, you ran in a gold brick on me when you proposed that option deal."

"How did I? You sold the option of your own free will, didn't you?"

"You worked me with stacked cards."

"In what way, Mr. Norris?"

"You had inside information that the stock was already cornered when you proposed to buy that option. You simply played me for all I was worth, and like a fool I fell into your trap. I sha'n't forget it. Some day I'll get square with you."

"Perhaps you forget that you tried to play me for an innocent the first day you called here and introduced yourself. You offered me a tip that was no tip at all. Had I gone to your friend Beaver's office and bought that stock of him which you recommended to my attention I should have lost several thousand dollars. Do you call that a square deal? If you do I don't. If you allowed yourself to be caught in the little trap I put before you that's your misfortune. You ought to have kept a sharper lookout. I have found that every broker will try to get the best of his neighbor if he can. It's everybody for himself down here, and the man who doesn't keep wide awake all the time is apt to slip up. Well, did you bring the stock?"

"Here are 3,000 shares, and here is an order on Daly & Co. for 2,000 more at 95. You can deduct \$190,000, which you will have to pay Daly & Co., from what you owe me."

"Five thousand shares at 72 amounts to \$360,000," said Bob, figuring on a pad. "From that I deduct \$190,000 in lieu of the 2,000 shares, plus my \$17,000 deposit, making \$207,000. Take that from \$360,000, and I owe you \$153,000. Write a receipt for that amount and come with me to the safe deposit vaults."

"You must have a pretty big capital at your back," said Norris in surprise.

"I've got enough to carry on my business," replied Bob.

While the broker was making out the receipt Bob locked the 3,000 shares in his safe. Then Norris accompanied him to the vaults and received his money. After that business had been settled Bob called on Daly & Co. and told the senior partner to dispose of his other 10,000 shares.

"Here's an order on you for 2,000 of those shares you sold for me at 95. Sell them over again and deduct \$190,000 from my account, as I have received value for them."

As Mr. Daly looked surprised, Bob told him all about his option deal with Norris. Daly laughed.

"You caught him badly. Besides the \$46,000 he's lost on those 2,000 shares he has undoubtedly lost several thousand on the other 3,000 shares. Altogether he won't forget that option deal in a hurry."

"He told me that he was through with that kind of business," laughed Bob.

"He means that the next time he sells an option he'll take care to have the stock on hand to meet the call," returned Daly. "So you want me to turn 10,000 shares loose on the Exchange, eh?"

"Yes. In small lots, so as not to disturb the price. The brokers seem to be hungry for it."

Daly put on his hat and went over to the Exchange, where he gradually let out the shares at 96. Next day Bob astonished Daly by turning over to him the certificates for 5,000 shares more of L. & M., with directions to sell them at the market.



"You'll make a mint of money out of this deal, Yorke," he said.

"I'm in-business to make all I can," replied the little speculator.

The stock went for 97. Bob's combined profit after all expenses had been paid amounted to \$720,000. That made him worth \$1,410,000 in cash, a pretty tidy sum for a boy operator who had come from Beantown a few weeks before with \$40,000 in his pocket.

#### CHAPTER VII.—Plotting to Do the Little Speculator Up.

L. & M. went nearly to par before the syndicate succeeded in unloading its holdings, and when the support of the combination was entirely withdrawn from the stock it began to drop. It went down slowly without any panic setting in, but as usual a good many small speculators lost money. These were the foolish ones who had bought at top prices, and there seems to be plenty of enthusiasts doing that during every boom. Bob was now a real millionaire, and well on the road toward his second million. Mr. Daly, the broker who did the boy's business, was the only man in Wall Street who had a line on Bob's financial standing, and of course he wasn't saying anything about it. While Bob was working his L. & M. deal he was also doing what he could to help Kittie Clover get customers. He succeeded so well that the girl now had all the work she could do between nine o'clock and four, which were her office hours.

Sometimes Bob remained at the office till she was ready to go home, and then he escorted her to the Hanover Square elevated station. He soon learned that she had a younger brother who went to school and their mother was living in a small inexpensive flat in Harlem. That they had seen much better days when her father was alive. He had been a merchant in the hide and leather district, but at his death his affairs were found so involved that they got nothing out of his estate. All Mrs. Clover received was a \$2,000 life insurance, and most of that was gone now. As time passed Bob and Kittie grew very friendly, and finally he began calling on her once a week at her home of an evening. One evening he invited her and her mother to go to the theatre with him, his mother and his two sisters.

They accepted, and thus the two families became acquainted. Mrs. Yorke was quite attracted to Kittie's mother, and Kittie herself took a great fancy to Bob's sisters, as they did to her. Thus a warm friendship sprang up between all concerned. Bob was pleased at this, for he had taken a strong fancy to the girl, and wanted his family to like her as well as he did himself. Although Bob did not dream of the fact, there was trouble gathering on his horizon. William Norris had lost nearly \$75,000 through that option deal, and he was awfully sore on the boy. In the eyes of the world Norris was an eminently respectable man, and he conducted himself, outwardly, at least, to warrant that estimate. But under the polished veneer of respectability there slumbered passions that were dangerous to himself as well as others. He was vindictive for one thing.

If anybody wronged him he made it a point to get back at him. As an instance of this it was known to a select few that he had brought about the ruin of a humble carpenter who had done him out of a sum of money by leaving a flat owned by Mr. Norris without paying a month's rent, and the broker never rested till he got square with him. The means he took to effect his purpose were not Christian-like, but Mr. Norris was only a Christian on Sunday and when attending vestry meetings of his church, or donating liberal sums to the moral welfare of the heathen in foreign lands. Therefore, when Mr. Norris figured up his loss in the option deal his rage and chagrin were so great that he vowed to get square with the little speculator, and he intended to keep his word.

Beaver was a kind of kindred spirit to Norris. Much younger in years, he lived the life of a man about town, for marriage never had had attractions enough for him to win him over to the benedicts. He lived in fashionable bachelor apartments somewhere uptown, belonged to the same clubs of which Norris was a member, as well as a few additional ones. He was popular among his friends, and spent his money freely. He also lost considerable sums at gambling joints, but as he was successful in Wall Street his losses didn't bother him much.

Beaver's morals were neither better nor worse than the majority of those with whom he associated—which isn't saying that he was a paragon of virtue by long odds. Under the spur of temptation he could easily have been worse.

Norris knew Beaver like a book, and having much stronger will power he had considerable influence over the younger man. As soon as the broker began to figure on getting back at Bob Yorke he took Beaver into his confidence.

"That boy has made a wad of money out of the L. & M. boom. I wouldn't be surprised if he copped half a million," he said to Beaver.

"As much as that?" ejaculated the other broker in surprise. "How do you know?"

"Well, I know he did me up to the tune of \$75,000,000," growled Norris.

"As much as that?" exclaimed Beaver, astonished at the admission.

"Yes, as much as that. I wouldn't admit it to another man but you, Beaver."

"How did he do it?"

Then Norris told him how he had been caught by the boy in the option deal.

"On those 5,000 shares he must have made \$125,000 alone. Then he probably cleared \$60,000 on the other 2,000 he bought of me at 68 1-8. The young rascal got hold of inside information about the boom on the start, and that's how he worked me. Of course he bought in more shares than he got from me. He probably put all his available capital into the deal on the ground floor. As he was supposed to have had considerably over \$100,000 in cash the dickens only can tell what he made out of L. & M. on margin, though he gave me to understand that he was not buying on margin; but that was all poppycock when he had a winning tip to operate with. I'll bet he's worth three-quarters of a million to-day if he's worth a cent."

"It doesn't seem possible that a boy of his years——"

"Don't talk about a boy of his years, he's as



sharp as half the men in the Street, Beaver, just make a note of that fact."

"And you really think he's worth three-quarters of a million?"

"I've a strong suspicion of it. Now, look here, Beaver, I might as well admit to you that I'm after that boy's scalp. I'm going to get square with him for the roasting he gave me if it takes me a year to get around it."

"He doesn't seem like an easy boy to reach. You know we've tried several dodges on him and they all failed. What new scheme have you in view?"

"My idea is to kidnap him and work him for some of his wealth."

"Kidnap him! That's a dangerous expedient, Norris. Why, he could have you arrested and put you to all kinds of trouble to square yourself with the authorities."

"He'd have to prove that we kidnapped him."

"We?" exclaimed Beaver.

"Yes, you and I. I expect you to help me out, and we'll divide the spoil between us."

"But I don't like the idea of getting mixed up with the law," Beaver objected.

"No danger of that if we work the plan right. You don't suppose that I want to compromise myself any more than you do. Remember, I have more at stake than you—I have a wife and family, while you are a kind of free lance. We must carry the job through without taking any more chances than we can help."

"Have you got your plan outlined?"

"I have, but there are many details that need careful consideration. Come up to my house to-night, and we'll go over them together."

"I'll be on hand. I'm interested in learning how you expect to get at his money-bags."

"I hope to tap him for a quarter of a million."

"A quarter of a million, eh? If you think there's any chance of getting that much money out of him without any great risk I'm your man; but you must remember that I have a healthy respect for the law, and I should imagine you ought to have, too."

"The law is not to figure in the case at all. Everything must be done on the quiet so that even the boy himself will have no suspicion that we are connected with the case."

"Now you're talking, Norris. With the law eliminated I'm with you hand-in-glove. I'd like to see that youngster driven out of the Street. He's altogether too smooth a proposition to suit me. I haven't forgotten how he turned me down when you sent me to him to try and buy those 2,000 shares of L. & M. you wanted so badly. One would have thought he was John D. Bizzard, or some other money king. He needs a good trimming down to take some of the airs out of him."

"Well, I'll look for you about nine to-night, Beaver. Don't fail me."

"Don't worry. I'll be at your house at nine to the minute."

This matter being arranged, the two brokers separated.

## CHAPTER VIII.—The Abduction.

About noon next day Beaver called at Bob's office. The little speculator was at his desk and received the broker in his usual polite way, though he did not like Beaver for a cent.

"I have called to see if you will loan me some money on good security for ten days," said the broker.

"What security have you to offer?" asked Bob.

Beaver mentioned some gilt-edged bonds and said he wanted \$50,000. Bob agreed to let him have the money.

"Bring your bonds over any time between this and three o'clock and I'll let you have the cash," he said.

"All right," replied Beaver and he went away.

The little speculator got the money from his safe deposit box and put it in his safe. At a quarter to three a messenger appeared with a note from Beaver. He said that he was obliged to attend a directors' meeting of a certain industrial corporation and that it would be four o'clock before he expected to be able to get away. Under the circumstances he asked Bob to wait for him, as he wanted to use the money he had arranged to borrow, at five o'clock.

Bob answered that he would wait until five o'clock, but he hoped Beaver would get there before that hour.

It so happened that Kittie Clover had a lot of work that afternoon, and when she found that Bob was going to remain at the office later than usual she asked him if he had any objection to her staying also, to finish her work.

"Why certainly not, Kittie," he said. "Glad to have your company. I'll see you uptown at five."

So while the little speculator sat at his desk reading an afternoon paper the click of the girl's typewriter sounded sharp and clear in the room.

At a quarter of five a cab stopped in front of the office building, and two gentlemen got out of it and entered the big doorway. They took the elevator for the fifth floor, on which Bob had his office. These men were William Norris and George Beaver. None of their friends would have recognized them, as they wore heavy black beards covering most of their faces.

Norris knocked on Bob's door. Kittie, who had just put on her hat preparatory to going home when Bob was ready, opened the door. The disguised brokers were rather taken aback to see her in the office.

"Has Mr. Yorke gone home?" Norris asked the young lady.

"No, sir; he is at his desk. Will you walk in?"

"Well, no. Ask Mr. Yorke to step to the door. I want to see him just a minute."

Kittie carried Norris' message to Bob. The boy at once went to the door. Norris and Beaver had retired down the corridor a few feet.

"You are Mr. Yorke," asked Norris in a gruff voice as if he had a bad cold.

"Yes, that is my name. What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to see you about—" he began, fumbling in an inside pocket for something he appeared to be in search of.

While Bob was looking at him Beaver slipped behind him and suddenly threw one arm around his neck, securing a strangle hold on the boy. Norris at once jumped forward and pressed a handkerchief saturated with some kind of a drug over his face.

Bob put up a desperate struggle, but was held by the men. He succeeded in giving one muffled shout for help which was heard by Kittie. She



ran to the door and saw what was going on. Being a plucky little girl, she sprang at Beaver and began pounding him for all she was worth. Bob was by this time nearly insensible, so Beaver let go of him and grabbed the girl.

As she started to scream the broker caught her by the throat and forced her back into the office, holding her till he believed she had fainted. Then he shut the door, rejoined Norris, who was holding the now unconscious Bob, and helped him carry the boy to the elevator.

When the cage on its way down empty stopped at the floor, the elevator man looked surprised at seeing Yorke, who he knew well, in that condition.

Norris hastily explained that he was a physician who had been called to attend the little speculator.

"He's suffering from an attack of organic heart trouble, and I must get him to my office as soon as possible. His heart has completely collapsed."

The elevator man, believing him to be a doctor, was willing to take his word.

On reaching the main corridor Norris quickly carried the limp form of the boy to the sidewalk in his arms. At that moment another elevator rushed down with the excited Kittie in it. She had told the elevator man the true state of affairs and both started for the street, where they saw the cab waiting to receive the boy.

The girl, fleet as a deer, outstripped the man.

"Help! Help!" screamed Kittie, rushing forward and striking at Norris with her parasol.

Beaver, who was holding the door of the cab open, seized Kittie and swung her spinning against the elevator man who was following at her heels.

The man caught the girl and saved her from a fall, and then made a spring at Beaver.

The broker was an athlete and clever boxer.

Quick as a flash he planted a heavy blow in the man's face and sent him dazed to the ground.

In the meantime Norris had placed Bob in the cab and sprang in after him, closing the door.

As Kittie ran to the cab door and screamed to attract attention, Beaver sprang up beside the driver.

The cabman whipped up his horses and away went the vehicle toward the river end of the street.

Kittie made an effort to follow, but the excitement was too much for her, and she fell down in a faint.

A Wall Street detective put in an appearance at this moment and darted after the flying cab, but a loaded truck coming along Pearl Street cut him off, and by the time he got around it the vehicle was nearly a block away.

The cab turned north up Water Street, and having a clear way before it the driver gave his horses the reins.

Back in Wall Street there was excitement to burn around the Minerva Building.

When the kidnaping took place the thoroughfare had been comparatively deserted, but it didn't take but a few minutes for the uproar to draw a good-sized crowd.

The elevator man to whom Kittie had told her story was the only person who had any clear idea of what had happened, and a mob gathered about him to hear what he had to say.

Somebody picked the girl up and carried her

into the building, where she was laid on the lounge in one of the offices on the ground floor.

The janitor brought her to her senses, and she tearfully told the story of the attack on Bob to him.

Two detectives were soon on hand investigating the case.

They heard Kittie's story, and questioned her closely.

She declared she would be able to identify the men if she saw them again.

The only clue that the elevator man could furnish was that the cab looked to be a private one, and he was willing to swear there was no number on its lamps.

It was near six o'clock when Kittie was so far recovered as to be able to start for home.

By that time the detectives had gone to report the case at their headquarters—the Wall Street Detective Bureau.

## CHAPTER IX.—The Little Speculator Gets Out of His Hobble.

Some hours afterward Bob Yorke recovered his senses.

He found himself lying fully dressed on a bed in a dark room.

The first thing he was conscious of was a bad headache and a general feeling of lassitude.

He seemed bewildered by the strangeness of his surroundings, and could not understand what had happened to him.

Gradually, as the torpid feeling wore off, he began to remember things, and then his thoughts reverted to the attack made upon him in the corridor outside his office door.

"Am I in a hospital?" he asked himself.

The gloom and the complete silence of the room seemed to answer him in the negative.

"If not in a hospital where am I?"

Bob rose up and threw his legs to the floor.

When he attempted to stand up his head buzzed and whirled around so bad that he was glad to lie down again.

He felt better after a while and managed to get up without experiencing the dizziness that had previously attacked him.

He saw a bowl and pitcher on a stand, and finding that the pitcher was full of water he poured some out into the bowl and laved his face thoroughly with it.

After wiping his face with a towel he felt much better.

"It's after dark," he said, going to a window with closed shutters on the outside.

He tried to raise the lower sash, but found that it wouldn't budge.

The upper sash also resisted his efforts.

There was another window to the room and he tried that one.

The sashes were immovable like the others.

Both the upper sashes were down an inch so as to admit air to the room.

Then the little speculator sought the single door in the room, only to find that it was locked.

"Looks as if I'm a prisoner here," he muttered in a chagrined tone. "Now, what is the meaning of all this?"



As he couldn't answer the question himself it remained unanswered.

"How the deuce could I have been brought away from my Wall Street office in an unconscious condition and nobody notice that something crooked was going on?"

That seemed to be something of a mystery to Bob, especially as he remembered that Kittie was in his office at the time.

He paced up and down the room thinking matters over.

The more he considered his predicament the more dissatisfied and disgusted he became over it.

Bob looked at the windows meditatively.

It would be an easy matter to smash glass, sash and the shutters outside with one of the chairs in the room.

That would make a big noise, and after he had cleared the way he might find it impossible to escape by the window, owing to its height from the ground.

While he was considering the matter he heard a sound outside the door.

It struck him that somebody was about to enter the room, so on the spur of the moment he decided to feign unconsciousness, and with that end in view he threw himself on the bed.

Hardly had he done so before he heard a soft click as the key was cautiously turned in the lock, and then the door was opened.

A man appeared in the opening with a lamp in his hand.

He stood on the threshold and looked toward the bed.

Seeing Bob stretched out still and motionless he advanced boldly into the room.

Instantly the little speculator formed a bold plan for escape in his mind.

The intruder stepped to the bed and looked down at the boy.

"Still unconscious," he muttered. "It's about time he came around."

As he started to turn away Bob swung his leg upward and kicked the lamp out of his hand.

It flew against the nearest wall with a crash, dropped to the floor and the light went out.

Before the startled and astonished man could move the boy sprang up and struck him a swinging blow in the face with his fist.

The intruder staggered back from the force of the blow.

Bob followed it up with another that laid the man out on the floor, and then the Wall Street boy sprang for the door, shut it to and turned the key in the lock.

Without losing a moment, for he knew there would be the dickens to pay presently, Bob flew down the stairs to a corridor below.

Then he took the next flight with a similar dash.

He heard a crash upstairs as if the prisoner in the room had thrown himself against the door in an effort to break out.

The crash was repeated, but though the noise echoed through the house no one else appeared to inquire into the cause of it.

Bob found what he took to be the front door not only locked but bolted as well.

He quickly shot the bolts, turned the key and opened the door.

He stepped out on a veranda of an isolated house.

About a quarter of a mile away were lights from many houses which seemed to be the suburbs of a town.

The night was dark, with neither moon nor stars, and the firmament was overcast with clouds.

A cool, invigorating breeze swept through the trees on either of the roadway.

"Well, I'm free, and I'll bet those rascals, whoever they are, won't get hold of me again," muttered Bob as he started for the lights, intending to learn his whereabouts.

He didn't believe that he was very far from New York.

The only thing that bothered him was that he had left his hat at the house, but as he felt a small roll of bills intact in his vest pocket he guessed he would be able to buy a new hat in the town ahead.

The first building he reached was a kind of road-house.

An automobile was drawn up before the door. Through the window Bob could see a bar, and number of persons drinking at it.

He entered and stepped up to one of the men at the end of the bar.

"Will you tell me what place this is?" he inquired.

The man stared at him.

"What place? Don't you know? Why, it's Fordham, of course."

Bob was not much surprised to find that he was within the limits of Greater New York.

He thanked the man and withdrew.

Passing along the side of the house he glanced in at an open window.

There, to his surprise, he saw Mr. Norris and Mr. Beaver seated at a small table drinking and smoking.

The room was small and they were only occupants.

The boy immediately judged that the automobile outside was theirs.

Suddenly the thought flashed across his mind that these two brokers might have something to do with his abduction.

Seeing that the window was partly open, Bob slipped close to it to see if he could hear what the brokers were talking about.

Their conversation came distinctly to his ears.

They were talking about him.

Bob learned that it was their purpose to have him carried next day to a lone house on Long Island where he was to be detained until he consented to pay \$150,000 for his release.

He was to be told that a band of Black Hand kidnapers, represented by the man he had encountered at the house up the road, were behind the matter.

Norris had figured that that would remove all suspicion from him and Beaver.

"That's a mighty nice game you've worked on me, gentlemen," muttered Bob as he listened to them, "and you'll get quite a shock when you discover that it's a failure."

When the brokers finished talking about Bob they switched off on a deal in the market they were both interested in, and out of which they expected to make big money.

This was a corner they and their friends had almost effected in a small Westchester traction road.



They had found out that a block of 30,000 shares, owned by the widow of the late president of the road, was the only thing that could queer their game.

The lady, however, was absent in Europe and was not likely to return for an indefinite time.

The stock, therefore, they figured, would not be thrown on the market in case of a boom in the traction shares, and that left only 35,000 shares to be counted on, the greater part of which they had already secured at a low price.

"I'd like to get a hold of those 30,000 shares," thought Bob. "Then I wouldn't do a thing to this boom of yours, Mr. Norris. I'll bet when I got through with you and your friends would have to live for a while on a diet of snowballs."

When Norris and Beaver rose to leave the room Bob left his post under the window and started to hunt up a store where he could buy a hat.

He found one not far from the railroad depot; then he boarded the next train for 125th Street station.

## CHAPTER X.—The Little Speculator Buys a Big Block of Trolley Stock.

When Bob reached his home he found his mother and sister in great distress.

Kitty and her mother had been over, and the girl had told what took place at the office, and how Bob had been carried off in an unconscious state in a cab by two men. She explained how she had done all she could to save Bob, but that one of the men had nearly strangled her in the office, and subsequently had almost thrown her down when she reached the sidewalk in pursuit of the kidnapers.

The late editions of the evening papers had the story, one alluding to it as the "Mysterious Kidnaping of Wall Street's Little Speculator."

The case was already in the hands of the headquarters detectives, and reporters of morning papers had called at the flat to see if they could learn anything from Bob's mother. When Bob rushed in on his family about ten o'clock he was received with the greatest demonstrations of joy. It took him half an hour to satisfy their anxious inquiries. He did not tell them that he knew the identity of the men responsible for his abduction. He was not in a position to prove his knowledge.

"Well, now, folks," he said when he had finished his story, "I haven't had a thing to eat since I ate my lunch at one o'clock. Got a cold bite in the larder?"

"You shall have your dinner in a few minutes, as soon as we can warm it up," said his mother. "We'll have ours at the same time. We were waiting dinner for you when Kittie Clover popped in and took our appetites all away with the story of what happened to you."

While dinner was being warmed up Bob went to the corner drug-store and telephoned police headquarters that he had escaped from the kidnapers.

He furnished all particulars the man at the other end of the wire asked for, and then went to an A. D. T. messenger office and sent a note to Kittie telling her that he had turned up all right, and would let her know all the facts in the morning.

After that he went back home, arriving just in time to sit down to the meal.

Next morning he was down early at his office.

Dan was on hand as usual.

Some of the boys he knew had told him the night before that his boss had been abducted from his office and probably murdered.

He had then gone out, bought a paper and read the story. When he got home he told his mother what had happened to his employer, and the old Irish woman nearly had a fit.

The morning papers, however, dispelled the anxiety of Dan and his mother, for they reported that the little speculator had escaped from his abductors and returned home.

"Sure, it's glad I am to see yez, sor," said Dan when Bob appeared. "Faith, me and me ould woman thought yez was kilt entoirely by thim blackguards thot run off wid yez in the cab. Did yez have thim pinched?"

"No, Dan, I didn't have them arrested, but I hope to have that satisfaction yet."

"Faith, I hope yez will. They deserve to be sint up the river, so they do."

"They'll get all that's coming to them if I can reach them."

Just then Kittie came in.

She was delighted to see Bob looking as if nothing of any importance had happened to him.

After she had congratulated him on his escape he took her by the hands and said:

"I want to thank you for the brave fight you put up in my behalf, Kittie. The papers gave you full credit for your pluck. I'm sorry you were so roughly handled by one of the rascals, but I'm thinking he'll get paid in full for it before he's many weeks older."

"Have you any idea who those men were?"

"I know who they are, and it would surprise you if I disclosed their identity to you, for you've seen them both in my office—one of them more than once. I do not intend to tell anybody but the detective I'm going to put on their trail to-day who they are. If the detective can bring the job home to them everybody in the city will see their names and learn their identity in the papers."

In a short time Bob went to the Wall Street Detective Bureau and hired a sleuth to go to work on the case.

He astonished this man by telling him who his kidnapers were, and promised to pay him well if he secured evidence against the brokers to warrant their arrest.

Bob gave the detectives such facts as he knew, describing the house in Fordham where he had been held a prisoner, and mentioning the road-house at which Norris and Beaver had stopped in their automobile.

While Bob was out a dozen brokers dropped in to congratulate him over his escape, and Dan took their verbal messages, and repeated them to his employer when he returned.

A good many of the traders came in during the day to see Bob and learn any additional facts that the newspapers had not reported.

He made more friends that day among the traders than during all the previous time he had been in Wall Street.

That afternoon he met both Norris and Beaver in front of the Exchange, and they stopped him.



and told him they were glad to hear that he had got out of his trouble all right.

Beaver asked him carelessly if he had any suspicion who was at the bottom of the business.

In order to throw them off Bob said he guessed he must have been the victim of an organized gang of kidnapers.

Beaver eagerly agreed with him, and asked him if the police were on the case.

"I suppose they are," replied Bob; "but it's hard to tell what they will do."

Norris and Beaver both walked away looking much relieved.

Next morning Bob started to look into the traction company deal that Norris, Beaver and their friends were interested in. He found out that the road was known as the White Plains & Berkeley Trolley Company. It was fifteen miles long and was barely meeting its fixed charges, after paying its operating expenses.

The Westchester Traction Company had made an offer to take it over and make it a part of its system, but the offer had not been accepted, chiefly because the widow of the ex-president objected to parting with her large block of stock at the low price the Westchester people made a part of the agreement.

All that Bob could learn of the lady was that her name was Mrs. Martha Williams, and that her home was at White Plains. The little speculator made a canvass of all the brokers likely to have any of the stock, but all he could find was 100 shares, which he bought at the market, 20, or ten points lower than it was usually quoted.

"The Norris crowd seem to have the available stock pretty well cornered," thought Bob. "At that rate the rise in price may come at any moment now. They have got the value of the shares down to bedrock, and are likely to make a good thing out of the deal if it goes through all right. I wonder if there is any way of reaching the ex-president's widow by cable message. If I could get control of her stock before the boom sets in I'd be in a position to make the fur fly about the ears of Norris and his bunch."

Bob called at the company's office in White Plains. He saw the secretary in his office and asked him if he knew the foreign address of Mrs. Williams.

"I do not," replied the official; "but if you call on her lawyer, Reginald Ball, at 115 Broadway, Manhattan, he may be able to accommodate you."

That afternoon Bob called on her lawyer.

"Are you a personal friend of Mrs. Williams?" asked the legal gentleman.

"No, sir, I am not."

"Well, if it is a matter of business you wish to bring to her attention you can transact it with me. I am authorized to look after her interests."

Bob then told him that he wanted to find out if the lady's interest in the White Plains & Berkeley Trolley Company could be purchased.

"Whom do you represent?" asked the lawyer.

"Myself," replied Bob.

The lawyer looked greatly surprised.

"Mrs. Williams's interest in the road has been considered worth a million. It cost her husband \$1,200,000."

"It is not worth a million to-day. She has 80,000 shares, I understand?"

The lawyer nodded.

"At the prevailing price on the market that is only worth \$600,000."

"Oh, the slump is only temporary."

"Think so, eh? You don't believe, then, that the Westchester Traction Company is at the bottom of the slump in order to force the sale of the road?"

Bob knew, of course, that the Westchester road had nothing to do with the present drop in the price of the W. P. & B. shares, but he threw out the hint to see how the lawyer would take it. Mr. Ball looked a bit startled. Not being a Wall Street man he had not thought of such a contingency, and believed that the drop in price was solely due to the poor financial showing the road was making.

"Have you heard anything to that effect?" he asked.

"I must decline to say whether I have or not. I stand willing to pay \$600,000 in cash for Mrs. Williams' 30,000 shares. If you are authorized to do business for her I submit the offer to you. But I must have an immediate answer, yes or no."

"It would be impossible for me to sell that stock without submitting your offer to the lady herself," replied the lawyer. "It represents the largest part of her fortune. I don't believe she'd consent to part with it at that figure, though she might accept 25."

"Well, I'll tell you what you can do. Cable her how the land lies and say that I will go as high as 22; but that's my limit. There's my card. Let me know as soon as you get her answer. Recollect, however, that my bid is contingent on circumstances. I'll pay 22 now. An hour from now, or to-morrow morning, it might be too late for me to carry it through. Therefore, it will be necessary for you to lose no time if you think there is a chance of the lady selling at 22."

"I will hardly be able to get a reply to you before the morning," replied Mr. Ball.

"Send it, anyway," answered Bob, rising to go.

Before sending his cable the lawyer looked up the closing price of the stock and found that it was 19 5-8. He lost no time in filing his message for transmission. At a quarter past ten next morning Bob received a note from the lawyer asking him to call at his office.

After looking up the opening prices of the market the little speculator found that the traction stock was quoted at 19 1/2.

On reaching Mr. Ball's office the lawyer told him that his offer was accepted.

"The price has gone down half a point since I made my offer," replied Bob.

"Then I suppose I am to understand that you withdraw it?"

"No. I will stick to it. If you will bring the certificates to my office in an hour I will have the money ready for you. Just draw up an agreement to that effect and sign it, please. I wish it to be understood from a legal point of view that I have bought the shares, contingent upon full payment of \$660,000 in one hour."

Mr. Ball drew up and signed the paper, which he handed to Bob.

"I will be at your office for the money within the hour," he said.

"All right," replied Bob, "I'll expect you."

One hour later the little speculator had the certificates in his safe, and the lawyer had the purchase price in his pocket. Fifteen minutes



after the deal had been fully consummated, and while Mr. Ball was on his way back to his office Mr. Norris went on the floor of the Exchange and began bidding up the price of White Plains & Berkeley Trolley Company stock.

## CHAPTER XI.—The Bursting of a Boom.

Bob soon saw that the traction shares were advancing in price.

"I guess the boom is on at last," he thought.

He put on his hat and went over the the gallery of the Exchange where he stayed until one o'clock, by which time W. P. & B. traction had gone back to 30, and was attracting the attention of the brokers.

"Well, I'm \$30,000 ahead at this point," said Bob to himself as he went to lunch.

He did not return to the Exchange, but kept an eye on the ticker in his office. It closed that day at 35. The stock that Bob had purchased was in six certificates of 5,000 shares each, and next morning he put them in his pocket and called on his brokers, Daly & Co.

"Mr. Daly," he said, "I have here 30,000 shares of W. P. & B. traction. I want you to go upon the floor of the Exchange and unload them in blocks of 5,000."

Then he explained the situation to the broker.

"The Norris crowd will hardly be able to take in all this stock," he said. "Offer the stock to Norris, one certificate at a time. If he should refuse to take any of it dump it on the market and break the price. I'm going to spoil that boom at any cost."

The broker put on his hat and went over to the Exchange while Bob mounted to the gallery to watch events. Norris was still booming the stock with no offerings, and he and his bunch felt that their position was pretty solid. His purpose was to drive it up to its old price of 40 and then unload at a big profit. When Bob reached the gallery he saw Norris at the pole shouting:

"Thirty-eight for any part of 5,000."

Broker Daly stepped up and accepted his bid to his secret consternation.

Norris was obliged to buy and memorandums passed between them. The 5,000 shares cost him \$90,000. He didn't feel like asking for any more stock, and went over to Beaver to consult about unloading on the quiet.

Daly followed him in a few minutes.

"I've 5,000 more," he said. "Do you want it?"

The perspiration came out on Norris's face.

He knew if he didn't take it in that Daly would offer it on the open market, so he nodded and the deal was made, costing him and his associates another \$190,000.

Daly walked away. In five minutes he sent his floor representative to Norris with an offer of 5,000 more. Norris gasped.

"How much more have you got?" he asked.

"That's all I have."

"I'll take it," replied Norris, and the memorandums were exchanged between them.

"Good heavens, Norris!" cried Beaver. "Who is letting out this stock?"

"Daly & Co. I've had to take in 15,000 shares at 38."

"That's \$570,000. We'll go to the wall if any more comes out."

"No, no; we must take it in or we'll be ruined."

"How are we going to pay for it?"

"We must raise the money somehow."

At this moment up stepped Daly again.

"I can let you have another 5,000," he said. "If you don't want it I'll throw it on the——"

"No, no—I'll take it," gasped Norris, as pale as a ghost, for he felt the fortunes of his little syndicate tottering to ruin.

"All right," and the deal was made. "Want any more?" asked Daly.

"Good Lord! Have you more? I've already taken in——"

"I've got another 5,000. Want it?"

"Wait till I can see my associates. I'll be back in ten minutes."

"I'll wait fifteen. If you're not back I'll offer it on the market," answered Daly coolly.

Norris rushed off like a madman. He held a consultation with Beaver and another of his bunch. They did not know what to do. Their resources were completely exhausted, for Norris had taken in 20,000 shares for which the syndicate was bound to pay \$760,000. The Norris crowd had previously secured 30,000 at prices varying from 28 down to 20, at an outlay of about \$600,000. They had gone in on the deal with a capital of a million, which they calculated would be more than sufficient to put the little corner through. That left them \$260,000 shy which they would have to raise among themselves. They could do it, but that was all. How, then, could they take in this additional 5,000 at 38? If they didn't take it the market price would be broken and all their arrangements upset. The boom would go to smash, and they would have to sacrifice what they had been obliged to take from Daly. The possible loss appalled them.

"If it's all he has left take it," said Beaver desperately. "We'll try and unload enough today to settle up. At the best this boom is a failure."

"This must be Mrs. Williams' stock that has come out," said the other man. "We figured that it wouldn't be offered because the lady is in Europe."

"If it's her stock then we'll have to take in 10,000 more or go to the wall," said Norris with a white face. "How can we do it?"

"We can't! We're ruined!" cried Beaver, shaking like an aspen leaf, for he was thoroughly unnerved by the desperate predicament the bunch was in.

"Time is up," said Norris with quivering face. "I'll go back and take the 5,000. If there's more thrown at me I'll have to throw up my hands, for I see our finish."

So Norris took in the 5,000, and breathed easier when Daly walked off without offering any more.

The syndicate were now indebted to Bob Yorke, through his broker, in the amount of \$950,000.

Very little profit would now be left to the Norris bunch if they could carry the boom through successfully.

They had 55,000 shares that they must unload around 40 to give them a profit of half a million, but there was small chance that they would be able to sell all that at such a high price.

The best they could expect to do with everything in their favor was to come out even, or at a loss of perhaps \$100,000



As no more stock was offered Norris, the three members of the syndicate began to unload with great caution.

They had sold 2,000 shares when Daly's representative appeared with the last block of 5,000, which he offered to Norris at 40.

That was the final straw and the broker threw up his hands in despair.

Then Daly's man threw it on the market in a bunch and it immediately precipitated a slump.

Inside of ten minutes W. P. & B. traction was down to 30 and still falling.

Norris, white as a sheet, and followed by Beaver and their other associate, hurried out of the Exchange.

They knew that they were practically ruined.

Bob, who had witnessed their overthrow from the gallery with supreme satisfaction, followed them and met them on the sidewalk.

"How are things, gentlemen?" he asked them with a grin. "I've just made about \$300,000 out of W. P. & B. traction. I unloaded through my broker 30,000 shares before the slump, the last 5,000 on the market, and I don't know how I stand on that."

"You're a liar!" roared Norris. "That was Mrs. Williams' stock."

"It was until yesterday, but I bought it at 22, and got 38 from somebody for five-sixths of it. It was the last 5,000 that broke the camel's back. I guess somebody is out of money."

The three brokers glared fiercely at the little speculator.

His triumphant and satisfied look confirmed his statement and maddened Norris.

With a howl like that of a wild beast he sprang at the boy, caught him by the throat and bore him to the ground.

## CHAPTER XII.—After the Slump.

Broad Street was crowded with brokers, messenger boys, and other pedestrians at the time, and Broker Norris' vicious attack on Bob could not fail to attract instant attention and cause considerable excitement. The head of the bursted syndicate was nearly crazy over his personal losses, and when the boy let out the truth—that it was he who had dumped all those shares of W. P. & B. on the syndicate—he lost his head and attacked him as we have seen. Beaver and his associate jumped forward to separate Norris from the young speculator, but the frenzied trader had such a grip on the boy's throat that it was as much as they could do to get the pair apart. Bob was nearly black in the face from the choking he had received, and he fell half unconscious to the sidewalk.

As a crowd began to collect, Beaver, seeing how serious matters looked for his friend Norris, called on the trader to help him carry Bob into a neighboring cafe. Part of the crowd followed them, but gradually dispersed after the swinging door of the car closed behind the principals in the trouble. Beaver asked the bar-keeper for a part of a glass of good brandy, and he poured this down Bob's throat, reviving the boy at once.

"How do you feel now, Yorke?" asked Beaver.

"Better; but I want to say right here that I'm

going to make Mr. Norris sweat for attacking me in such a savage manner."

"I wouldn't be hard on him if I were you, Yorke. Norris has suffered a big financial loss in the slump that you say you brought about. In fact, myself and the other members of the pool are on the verge of ruin over the deal. You came along and began crowing about your success. That angered Norris so that he lost his head. He'll apologize as soon as he recovers his usual state of mind."

"Well, he came near killing me. I believe he would have done so if it hadn't been for you and your companion. A man who hasn't any better control of himself at his age ought to have the riot act read to him by a magistrate," replied Bob indignantly.

"I don't blame you for feeling sore, Yorke; but remember, Norris was provoked beyond his power of endurance," said Beaver. "If you have Norris arrested for the assault it won't do you any particular good, outside of the satisfaction you might feel in getting back at him. At the most he'd get off with a moderate fine."

"Mr. Norris may be a gentleman in the eyes of the world, but in my eyes he's nothing more or less than a brute," said Bob. "This isn't the first trouble I've experienced at his hands. He seems to have it in for me over that option business. But I'm not going to let him ride rough-shod over me, just the same."

"Have a drink of whisky and it will brace you up," said Beaver.

"No," replied Bob. "I never drink whisky."

"You'll take it as a kind of tonic, won't you?"

"I don't need a tonic. I'm feeling all right, except that my throat is sore where Norris' fingers clutched my windpipe."

"Look here, Yorke. You said that you bought Mrs. Williams' 30,000 shares of W. P. & B. yesterday, and unloaded them on us through Daly & Co., thus bringing about the crash and putting a dozen of us in the soup."

"I bought the stock, yes, and I told Mr. Daly to sell it at the top of the market, and he did it. What of it? It's business to buy low and sell high, isn't it?"

"How came you to buy so much of that stock?"

"I don't think it necessary for me to explain my actions to outsiders, Mr. Beaver. If I asked you such a question you would consider me impertinent."

"You must have learned in some way that Norris was at the head of a movement to corner the stock and you bought that amount of shares to break up the corner if you could."

"Isn't that part of the Wall Street game of chance?"

"Well, you've put Norris into a bad financial hole, and I don't know where I and the rest of the members of the syndicate are going to come out unless you are easy with us. Norris took in 25,000 shares of your stock at 37, that puts us in debt to you to the amount of \$925,000. We have 30,000 more shares for which we paid about \$600,000. If you give us time we can settle with you, for the stock we hold is easily worth a million and a half."

"It is if you can get 30 for it; but you'll find that the boom and slump have hurt the standing of W. P. & B. in the market. If it was a solid road matters would be different; but the line is



in financial difficulties, and I doubt if you'll be able to get over 20 for such a large lot as you hold. The Westchester Traction Company only offered 17 to take over the whole road, and the refusal of Mrs. Williams to sell at that figure blocked any action in the matter. The shares cost her husband originally 40 when the road was built."

"And you paid her 20 or 19 3-4, eh?" said Beaver.

"No, I paid her more than that."

"You say you bought the stock yesterday?"

"Yes."

"The market price was 19 3-4 yesterday."

"She wouldn't have sold at that price under any consideration."

"Then you bought the stock on purpose to do Norris and the rest of us up?"

"I bought the stock because I knew a boom was under way, and intended to unload at the highest price I could get. That's business."

"How did you learn that a syndicate had been formed to corner the shares?"

"That's one of my business secrets."

"Are you going to give us a chance to pull out?"

"I'll take the 55,000 shares off your hands at 20. That will cancel your debt to me and give you \$175,000 over. You can submit that offer to Mr. Norris."

"That will leave us half a million loser."

"I can't help that."

"If you will give us time we'll be able to sell at 25, at any rate, which will reduce our loss one-half."

"How much time do you want?"

"Fifteen days."

"How much cash will you pay on account, and what security do you offer for the balance?"

"Say \$425,000. That will leave a balance of half a million. We'll put up 30,000 shares of W. P. & B., with the understanding that we have the privilege of taking it up as we dispose of it."

"I'll consider your offer and let you know after I've seen my broker and find out exactly how I stand in the deal."

That closed the interview and Bob left the cafe and called on Mr. Daly. He found that Daly had sold the last 5,000 shares in 1,000 sections at an average price of 28. Altogether Bob's profits amounted to \$400,000 on the 30,000 shares. He told his broker about the offer Beaver had made on behalf of the bursted syndicate, and said he had decided to give the Norris crowd a chance to crawl out of their hole if they could do so.

"I'm not doing this on account of any sympathy I have for either Norris or Beaver. They deserve none from me, especially Norris, who, in addition to the other injuries he has done me, attacked me in front of the Exchange a little while ago and nearly choked me to death. No, I'm giving the syndicate a chance in order to let up on the other men composing it, who have never injured me to my knowledge, and against whom I have no hard feelings."

So that afternoon Bob sent a message to Beaver by Dan notifying him that he would accept the informal offer made by the broker in the cafe, and that the syndicate could arrange the matter with Mr. Daly. Next day Daly sent word that Norris, acting for the syndicate, had paid over to him the sum of \$425,000, and given him his

note for the balance, depositing 30,000 shares of W. P. & B. stock as security for same. The market price of the stock was then 24 5-8. The syndicate then proceeded to sell their holdings a little at a time. It took Norris and Beaver a week to dispose of 25,000 shares at an average of 24. With the greater part of the money thus obtained they paid their note and took up the 30,000 shares left with Daly & Co. as security.

They then held on to that stock hoping that W. P. & B. might go back to 30, and thus let them out about even, or with a small loss. It did not go back, but on the contrary gradually went down to 20. Bob watched it every day on the ticker, for he was curious to learn how the members of the late syndicate were likely to come out of their hobble. He wondered if the Westchester Traction Company had taken a hand in keeping the price of the independent road down. The impression prevailed in Wall Street that the big company expected to gobble up the small road at its own price. Bob believed that, too, and he guessed the Westchester Company would win out, for it was controlled by some of the money kings of Wall Street.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—Bob Begins His Fight with the Money Kings.

It was about this time that the detective Bob had put on the kidnaping case made his final report. The sleuth had secured enough evidence against the two brokers to warrant their arrest. The most conclusive testimony was the sworn statement of their confederate, whom the detective had finally hunted down and put through the third degree. Bob and the sleuth appeared before a magistrate, submitted the evidence to his inspection, and the boy asked for a warrant for the arrest of Norris and Beaver. The magistrate issued it, and a detective from headquarters was delegated to make the arrests. Broker Norris was taken into custody as he was leaving his office for home, and Beaver was later on pinched at his apartments.

Both were taken to the Tombs. They were paralyzed when they understood why they had been arrested. Norris sent at once for a well-known lawyer in order to arrange for bail for himself and his friend Beaver. The reporters got the news in time for insertion in the late editions of the evening papers, and the morning papers had the story in full. All Wall Street knew about the arrest of Brokers Norris and Beaver on the charge of abducting the little speculator. The kidnaping incident had been forgotten, but the arrest of the two traders brought all the particulars to the fore again.

Norris and Beaver waived examination and were held under bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. Subsequently the Grand Jury returned an indictment against them, under which they were tried and, in spite of the efforts of eminent counsel, were convicted. A great deal of pressure was brought to bear on Bob to let up on the brokers, but he wouldn't listen to any compromise, and so the men had to take their medicine, which was five years each in State prison. Bob in the meantime had not been idle, even if he was worth \$1,800,000. He had taken an in-



terest in the fate of the W. P. & B. trolley line, which seemed destined to fall into the hands of the Westchester Traction Company.

He called on the president of the road and had a long talk with him. Then a directors' meeting was called to consider what could be done to save the independent line. Bob was present at the meeting and listened to all the plans proposed. A hundred thousand shares of the stock had originally been issued at 40, the par value being 50. All this and another million had been used up in building and equipping the line for business. Mrs. Williams had stuck by the road with her 30,000 shares, and that gave the insiders a clear control of the company. When Bob bought her shares and unloaded them on the Norris crowd the people in control of the road became in the minority, and the Westchester Company, by buying up the stock on the market, could have taken things in their own hands.

The magnates at the head of that company were in no hurry to buy the stock for 24, or even when it dropped to 20, as they foresaw that it would probably go to 15, for nobody but the insiders seemed to want it, and they could not afford to buy it in. As soon as it got to that point they had brokers ready to step in and gobble it up. These brokers were also watching to see that no concerted move was made by anyone else to buy it. Bob, however, having made up his mind to help save the road if he could, played a march on them. Through a well-known brokerage house he bought the 30,000 shares held by the Norris crowd at 19. Then he made a quiet canvass of the Street and secured 20,000 more at around the same price. He had the original 100 shares he had bought when he started to do up the syndicate, which gave him the individual control of the road, not counting the 35,000 shares held by the president and directors.

That left only 14,900 shares on the market, a fact that the magnates of the Westchester corporation did not wake up to till it was too late. But they did not give up the idea of securing the independent road for all that. They commenced an attack on the stock in the market and drove it down to 15. They did this by causing the publication of rumors against the road in the Wall Street papers, and also in the daily press. Bob, who was now virtually the controlling figure in the W. P. & B. Trolley Company, found that he had a big fight with several money kings on his hands. Half of his money, nearly a million, was tied up in the stock of the independent line, and at the present market price of its stock he was \$200,000 to the bad.

That fact, however, didn't worry him. He was determined that the independent line should not fall into the maw of the opposition. The Westchester people bought up the 14,900 shares as the price went down. But they found that that was all they could get. Then they began tampering with the insiders by offering them a price two and three points above the market. They secured enough to give them 25,000 shares altogether, but that was as far as they could get. Finding themselves blocked they tackled Bob, and offered him 18 for his holdings.

"I paid more than that for what I have," he told their representative.

"That's where you were a fool. The road as it stands is practically bankrupt. The only way

it can be built up again is for the Westchester line to take it into its system."

"Well, the Westchester road can't get it for nothing."

"We are offering you 18."

"The stock is worth 30."

"Is it?" laughed the emissary. "It's being sold on the market at 15."

"Those are wash sales," replied Bob.

"Nonsense!" replied the other.

"No nonsense about it. I and my associates hold 75,000 shares. None of this is being offered on the market. The Westchester people own the other 25,000 shares. They are not really selling any of it. Therefore these sales to which you allude are simply fake ones, since no real stock passes from hand to hand. You see I know one or two things about the situation."

"I see you do," replied his visitor dryly, for he knew that the boy had stated nothing but what was true. "Well, suppose we offered you 20 for your shares?"

"You couldn't get them."

"Look here, young man, you are as yet merely a tyro in Wall Street financial schemes. If you persist in fighting the money kings back of the opposition you are bound to regret it. They have millions to use against you."

"That's true, but I don't see how their millions are going to win as long as our road pays its fixed charges and running expenses," replied Bob.

"How long will you be able to do it? You are losing traffic every day. Your road is going to the dogs, owing to poor rolling stock that you are unable to replace with new."

"Our rolling stock is all right. We are not losing traffic every day. We have made more money during the last three months than for the same period last year. Furthermore, I am in the fight to stay, and I may add that I am a long way from being broke yet. When the Westchester people are prepared to pay 30 for 75,000 shares of stock we will consider their offer. That's all the answer I can give you today."

That ended the interview and the representative of the money kings took his departure, satisfied that Bob Yorke, the new president of the White Plains & Berkeley Trolley Company, was no easy proposition to bulldoze, and that he was prepared to fight to the last ditch if necessary.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Bob Puts Through Another Winning Deal.

Of course the fact became known all through the financial district that Bob Yorke, the little speculator, as he was facetiously called by many traders, was now in control of the White Plains & Berkeley Trolley Company. The Street wondered who was at his back, for nobody believed he had money enough of his own to have bought the stock for himself. The brokers also knew that he, or the man whom they believed was financing him, had a big fight on his hands against the money kings that owned the Westchester Traction line. They laughed at the idea of a boy, even as smart as they admitted Bob to be, holding his own against the money kings.

"Why, they'll swallow him whole, shoes and all," chuckled one trader.



"Sure they will," laughed the man he was talking to.

"Still it is reported around today that he sent their representative away the other day with a flea in his ear."

"So I heard; but what can he do against the opposition? They've got the stock down to 14, and can force it to nothing if they choose."

"That won't do any good if the insiders can manage to hold on."

"What's the good of their holding on? They are not making a cent on their invested capital, and it takes a whole lot of scratching to pay the expenses and charges. Should the road run behind so that they can't meet the interest on the first mortgage bonds the bondholders will at once throw the road into a receiver's hands. As the Westchester money kings have bought up the bonds they'll have no mercy the moment they find a legal excuse to get their hooks in."

Wall Street didn't expect the fight that Bob was making to hold the road on an independent basis would last long, or amount to much; but then Wall Street didn't know Bob as well as it thought it did. The money kings opposed to Bob did not intend to be outwitted by a mere boy. In fact, they laughed long and loud at the bare idea of getting a set-back from a youth of his years, forgetting that he had really drawn first blood in the fight when he managed to capture the 50,000 shares that they might have had themselves if they had been willing to pay the same price he did.

They saw the plum ripening on the tree, as it were, and they made the mistake of waiting for it to drop into their hands of its own accord, instead of reaching up and plucking it. The first round, therefore, had ended in Bob's favor, the second one was now on. The only thing the Westchester magnates could do was to bide their time. They found that the beating down of the stock was not likely to produce any results, as it was all held by themselves and Bob and his crowd—and both intended to hold on to it. They figured that having acquired the majority of the road's bonds they were in the position to jump on the independent line the moment it defaulted in the interest payments.

Bob knew that fact well, and he did not intend that the road should default as long as he and his associates had the money to make good any difference lacking. The little speculator had been so much occupied with the fortunes of the trolley line in which he was identified to the extent of nearly a million that he hadn't given his attention to any private deal for many weeks. He still had nearly \$900,000 stowed away in his safe deposit box doing nothing. Several times he thought of advertising the fact that he had money to loan on gilt-edged security, but he did not.

Shortly after the interview he had with the representative of the Westchester Traction money kings he discovered that a clique of moneyed men had formed themselves into a syndicate for the purpose of cornering and booming H. & O. shares. As soon as he was sure of his ground the little speculator called on Mr. Daly, his broker, and told him to buy any part of 30,000 shares of H. & O. on margin for his account. He put up \$300,000 security and the broker started out to fill his order. It took Daly several days to get the stock, as the syndicate's brokers were on a

quiet hunt after it, too. But he finally secured the last of the shares at an average price of 80, and then notified Bob that he held them subject to his order. In a day or so the price jumped to 82. By that time the syndicate had captured about all the stock on the market except the 30,000 held by Bob. At a meeting of the members of the pool the said shares formed the main topic of consideration. They wondered who was holding them, and how they could get them.

"They may be held by some trust company as an investment," said one of the pool. "In that case they won't come out to bother us."

"But suppose they are in possession of some big speculator—what then?" asked the gentleman who was managing the deal. "They'll be thrown at us about the time we're getting ready to unload, and we'll have to take them in in order to hold the price."

"We'd better start a bear movement against H. & O. and try to frighten the person who holds them into selling," suggested another.

"Just what I was going to propose," replied the leader. "But I don't believe any one man has \$2,400,000 tied up in the stock. More likely they are held by some big estate or bank, and they will not be thrown on the market. However, I'll instruct our brokers to begin a raid on the stock tomorrow and see what happens."

So next day H. & O. began to slump badly, and Bob, to save his stock, had to put up another \$300,000 in margin, as the price dropped to 70 and then to 68. It recovered to 71 that afternoon, but next day it was raided again, and dropped so close to 60 that Bob had to put up another \$300,000 margin. In order to do this he had to hypothecate \$60,000 worth of his W. P. & B. stock to make up the \$40,000 he was short. The syndicate finding that a drop of 19 points did not shake out any of the 30,000 shares, concluded that they could safely go ahead. So the price of H. & O. began to rise again. When it reached 70 Bob recovered a part of his margin and took his trolley stock out of pledge.

A few days later it was back at 80, the price he paid for it, and he got back another \$300,000 of his margin. The brokers in the employ of the syndicate kept on bidding higher and higher for the stock which they did not expect would be offered, and as Bob was not yet ready to unload, very few shares came to the surface. Other brokers also began bidding for it when they saw what seemed to be a boom in sight, and so the price mounted to 90. From 90 to 100 was but a step under the prevailing conditions, and it closed on Saturday noon at 101. Bob now got ready to let some of his stock out. On Monday morning he let 10,000 go at an average price of 102. The syndicate didn't have to touch a share, as there were too many hungry traders looking for it.

In the afternoon Bob sold 5,000 more in small lots, and they were snapped up like wildfire by different brokers at 104. On Tuesday morning he let out 10,000 more in odd lots at different times, and they went the way of the others at 106. The syndicate had also started in to unload, and the stock exchanged hands in large quantities. Foxy brokers, trading in the boom, noticed this and promptly sold out their holdings so as to be out of danger. Bob also got rid of his last 5,000 shares at 107. Figuring up his profits he found he had made a little over \$700,000 on the deal.



He was now worth \$1,568,000 in cash, and W. P. & B. shares that had cost him \$950,000, though they were worth \$200,000 less on the market. Thus he was better equipped than ever for his fight with the money kings of the big traction road.

#### CHAPTER XV.—The Little Speculator Beats the Money Kings at Their Own Game.

Bob learned one day that emissaries of the Westchester Traction Company were tampering with his motormen and trying to foment a strike among them, so as to hurt the road. He sent several Pinkerton detectives to the ground and three of the men were arrested. They were put through a kind of third degree and admitted that they were employed by the Westchester people to make trouble. Bob called on the president of the traction company, and protested against such unfair tactics. The president denied that his company was at the bottom of any such thing. Then Bob produced the sworn statements of the prisoners and told the president that if they tried any more dodges of that kind on his line there would be trouble.

He gave copies of the documents to the press and statements from his own motormen, making a pretty bad showing for the Westchester Company. They didn't appear, however, as the astute editors sent proofs of the articles to the general superintendent of the Westchester Company and the papers were well paid to suppress the information. When Bob found that the story did not appear he called on the editors to know the reason why. They alleged that it was of a libelous nature and that they did not dare print it.

"All right," replied Bob. "I'll see that it is printed."

He issued a complete statement in a pamphlet and circulated it throughout the financial district, and it created something of a sensation. Bob received a letter from a prominent firm of lawyers threatening to sue the W. P. & B. line for heavy damages unless a public retraction was made. The little speculator returned word to "go ahead and sue." He issued another pamphlet and printed the lawyer's letter in bold type, giving the Westchester Company a hard knock. A suit was begun and Bob hired a law firm to defend the company. A law fight was likely to be a long-drawn-out matter, as the case could not get on the calendar for some time and would probably take a year or two of waiting before it could come to trial. Then all sorts of technical excuses were likely to delay it another year.

Whichever side lost then would be sure to carry the case to a higher court, so, taking it altogether, it would be a bonanza for the opposing lawyers. The money magnates of the Westchester Traction line didn't like Bob's fighting spirit for a cent. The result was they decided to beat him by sheer force of money if they could. They got around the boy's associates and by offering a high price for their shares succeeded in buying them all out. They expected to get a clear control of the trolley line that way and freeze the little fighting speculator out. To their disgust they found that Bob had by 100 shares a majority of the stock and

that they couldn't force him out. At the new election he put in a majority of the board of directors and had himself re-elected president and general manager. The news circulated all through Wall Street that the little speculator had beaten the money kings in their fight for control of the road, and they regarded the feat as a remarkable exhibition of pluck, foresight and energy.

The consequence was that the Street took its hat off to Bob, and reckoned him as an expanding power in the money realm. The fight went on, but there was fresh interest in it now. It was Bob against the money kings, and there were many now willing to bet that the little speculator would come out on top, for money alone isn't everything in this world. Bob, you may well believe, wasn't asleep at any stage of the game. He was watching the Westchester money magnates like a hawk. They had no idea that he kept such a close surveillance on their actions, and supposed that all his thoughts were centered in the trolley line.

Bob had a dozen smart boys shadowing the men wherever they went, either down in Wall Street or at home. He paid them princely wages, and they were faithful to him from the ground floor up. In this way one day Bob learned that these money kings had decided to work a little game on the public. Their plan was to depress the price of their own road so as to force out a lot of people who had purchased the stock at high prices. When the price got as low as they could put it they intended to buy in the stock, put up the price again, and then sell it over again at a high figure as before. It was simply one of the tricks constantly practiced by astute financiers in Wall Street in which the outsiders get bitten.

Westchester Traction was in demand and going at 116. Bob at once gave orders to his broker to sell 20,000 shares of W. T. for him. This was what is called a short sale, for Bob was selling something he didn't have, and would have to buy in order to deliver at the right time. Daly sold the stock at 115, and his offer was greedily snapped up. That afternoon the broker of the magnates began a raid on Westchester and by tricks known to the initiated forced it down to 110. At that price Bob bought 20,000 and delivered it at 115, making \$100,000. Next day he ordered Daly to sell anywhere from 10,000 to 30,000 according as the market went.

The magnates' brokers were selling, too. Then all the brokers got to selling, and a small panic ensued. Daly had managed to put out sales up to 2,000 at an average of 107. When the traction stock got down to 95, and seemed about to recover, Bob began to buy in again, and secured his 20,000 shares for delivery at that figure, thus clearing \$240,000 more. Next day he kept on buying Westchester Traction, his broker taking it in as fast as it was offered. The money kings tried to offset him by selling largely, but Daly bought all they offered, getting some of it as low as 90.

The magnates wondered who could be buying in the shares. They figured that it must be some multi-millionaire speculator, or a big syndicate. Bob, however, was buying on margin, and as fast as the stock was bought Daly hypothecated it with his bank. In this way Bob secured 70,000 shares of the stock of the rival road, and the magnates found that their scheme was being de-



feated—that somebody else and not themselves would make big profits when Westchester Traction stock recovered, which it was bound to do, as it was gilt-edged. Bob got 10,000 shares for 90; and 20,000 each at 92, 93 and 95. Daly kept on offering to buy and the price went up to 100, the magnates not daring to sell any more. In another week it was back to 115, and Bob began to unload quietly.

He had bought two more lots of 5,000 at 98 and 100, and 10,000 more at 105. In all he had nearly a million up on margin when he began to sell. He got rid of all his holdings at 115 and made the big profit of \$1,800,000, raising his cash capital to \$3,700,000. Then he staggered the money kings by going to the president of the Westchester Traction Company and offering to buy out the 49,900 shares of W. P. & B. Trolley Company for 30, and take the million dollars' worth of the company's bonds off their hands at the market price. The president refused to make the deal as a matter of course, but the offer gave the magnates a terrible shock. They held a special meeting to consider the situation.

"It is clear that boy has unlimited backing," said the president. "How he has managed to interest capital in that bankrupt road gets me, but he has done it. He is certainly a hummer. That boy will run Wall Street one of these days, mark my words. No ordinary boy, or man, for that matter, could beat us the way we have been beaten in our attempt to get hold of that independent line. The best thing we can do, gentlemen, is to call the fight off and try to compromise. We need the W. P. & B. line in our system. Let us take this young speculator in with us. He is a wonder, and will be a power on our side as he is at present against us."

The president's words created a sensation at the meeting. It led to a long and heated discussion. The other money kings did not want to surrender to a boy. It was ridiculous, they claimed.

"Well, what are we going to do about it, gentlemen?" asked the president.

"Keep up the fight!" roared a stout director with a red face.

"I'd rather lose a million than give in," chimed in another big man, violently pounding the table.

"So would I," said a third.

And a fourth said the same. The president, who seemed to have a clearer view of the case than the others, was inclined to compromise, but the question being put to vote the opposition carried it, and so the fight was not called off.

offering up to 30 for it. He did not believe he would secure a share, but he would restore the value of the stock to what he considered the proper point.

Daly followed instructions, and without opposition the stock went to 30. The opposition then took a hand at the same game. Their brokers bid the price to 40, thinking to induce the little speculator to sell. It was a trap, pure and simple. If Bob let out any stock under the temptation they would accept only enough to give their side the majority—101 shares would do that—and then they would have things in their own hands. Of course they didn't expect so small a number of shares would be offered; if any were offered at all, they figured that it might come out in 1,000 lots or so.

Bob, however, easily saw through the dodge and made no move to offer a single share, even at 40, so the game failed and the price went back to 30 again. The regular semi-annual interest on the first mortgage bonds having been duly met, the money kings were blocked for another six months, and the road continued to run under Bob's personal management. He loaned the company considerable money under a second bond issue to make needed repairs and to buy improved rolling stock. He also built an additional three miles of road to the town of Paisley, where building operations and a land boom were under way, and the traffic of the road was considerably increased.

The money kings would have stopped this move through politics, only the extension was provided for under the company's charter, and it had long since acquired the right of way. The more the Westchester people saw of Bob's methods the less they relished them. He was certainly a big thorn in their side. It was a bitter reflection for them to realize that there was no legal way to shake him off. The president of the traction line tried again to bring a compromise about, but the magnates wouldn't have it. They hoped to win yet, though they couldn't see how they were going to do it. Wall Street was getting so interested in this unique struggle that several big capitalists called on Bob and offered to stand in with him.

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Pratt," he told one of them, and his answer was a sample of what he said to the others, "but I don't need any help. I have millions to call on if I should need them. I've the situation so well in hand that all the money in Wall Street couldn't beat me. I hold a majority of the W. P. & B. stock, and no power on earth can make me part with a single share. As long as I hold this control the opposition can't do a thing. If they keep this fight up long enough I may work in a surprise that'll take their breath away."

His words were circulated through the Street and made a whole lot more supporters for the plucky little speculator. Men always admire grit and perseverance. He had the sympathy, public and private, of three-quarters of the brokers and financiers. The W. P. & B. Trolley line rose in the estimation of the Street, although its poor business showing was no secret. Men figured that with the powerful backing the road had obtained through Bob, together with the fact that a second bond issue had been put through without appealing to the public, the line was coming to the front. The result was that several outsiders tried to buy the stock at 32 and even higher, but they

## CHAPTER XVI.—The Little Speculator Wins the Fight and a Wife as Well.

Bob's capital of three and three-quarter millions in ready cash gave him a tremendous fighting power in the financial world. It was backed up, too, by nerve and aggressiveness. He was out to win, and didn't recognize such a word as "fail" in the dictionary. He was determined to force the magnates of the Westchester Traction Company to give up the fight and buy his interest at a figure he considered it to be worth. He ordered his broker to go into the market and bid up the price of the W. P. & B. Trolley line by



could not get a share. One day Bob noticed that S. & T. shares were steadily falling in the market.

He could not account for that fact, as the road was a good one and was not reported as being in any difficulty. Bob watched it right along and finally became satisfied that some combination was depressing it for purposes of its own. The young speculator having so much money lying idle, he decided to buy S. & T. and see how he would come out. He began by telling Broker Daly to buy all he could get at the market. In three days Daly had secured 40,000 shares, all he could find, at 52. Three days later there was a tremendous bear raid made on the stock, but Bob didn't care, for he had bought the shares outright, paying \$2,000,000 for them, and still had a million and three-quarters in cash.

The price went as low as 40, and Bob kept buying in all that was offered. Thus the syndicate, which was selling short, had to come up with 20,000 shares, for which the members had paid over 50, in order to keep its engagements. This was an unpleasant dose for the combine to swallow, causing a loss of nearly \$300,000 right there. After that the stock went up, and at 60 Bob began to unload, selling 20,000 at about that price and clearing \$150,000. The price kept on up and at 70 Bob told his broker to sell out all his holdings quietly, so as not to disturb the market. So Daly went to the S. & T. pole and began offering it. The syndicate was obliged to take it in to save themselves, and 20,000 shares went their way that day at a profit of \$350,000 to the little speculator. Next day Daly offered the rest in 5,000 lots. The syndicate took what the other brokers refused, but it staggered them.

Bob was hardly out of it with \$300,000 more profit before something alarmed the brokers, and the whole of them began throwing S. & T. on the market. Everybody seemed to have an idea that the price was going to tumble and rushed to save themselves. The result was that, with hardly any buyers in sight, a panic set in and the syndicate went to the wall with a crash. The price dropped ten points in as many minutes, and pandemonium reigned in the Exchange. Every member of the syndicate was hard hit, and dozens of others were ruined. The only person who had made money out of the deal was Bob, who added three-quarters of a million more to his already large capital.

During all these busy weeks and months in which Bob had been piling up millions Kittie Clover had been building up a profitable business in stenography and typewriting. Even better than that, she had been making a great inroad on the little speculator's heart as well. Bob was keeping steady company with her, and what she wouldn't do for him wasn't worth mentioning. She knew that he was full of business, but had no idea what he was making. Nobody knew that he was a millionaire several times over but his mother and sisters, from whom he had no secrets, but they were bound to secrecy.

"Kittie," said Bob one Sunday night, when they were alone in the little parlor of her humble home, "I'm thinking of getting married."

His words gave her a shock, for she thought he had another girl of whose existence she was unaware. She looked up in a startled way.

"You're the girl I want, Kittie. Will you marry me?"

"I love you, Bob, with all my heart, and I will be your wife if you will have me."

Then she took her in his arms and kissed her, and it is hardly necessary to say that they were very happy in their acknowledged love. A few weeks afterward Bob was sitting in his office when he was surprised to receive a visit from the president of the Westchester Traction Company. The magnate came with a proposition which he had worried out of the rest of the directors by persistent argument. Bob was to come into the traction trust with the W. P. & B. road. He was to continue president of the company, but was to act under the direction of the money kings. The stock was to be boomed to par, that is, 50, and the trust agreed to guarantee him 5 per cent. interest on his 50,100 shares at a valuation of \$2,500,000.

If he preferred to get out the traction people would pay him 40, or \$2,000,000, for his stock. Bob said he would take the offer under consideration. In either case it was a great victory for the little speculator. It was a practical acknowledgment on the part of the money kings that they were beaten to a standstill. In the end Bob received the first proposition and the deal was circulated through Wall Street. Then the truth became known that Bob had had no financial backer, but had fought the opposition single-handed and won out. He was hailed as a young financial wizard, and had he given out that he proposed to start any great enterprise calling for millions of capital he could have secured the necessary backing inside of twenty-four hours. Today Bob is one of the big guns of Wall Street. Kittie is his happy little wife, and he has several growing girls and boys.

Next week's issue will contain "A BOY WITH GRIT; OR, THE YOUNG SALESMAN WHO MADE HIS MARK."

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## RODEO TO BE BIG FEATURE OF THE SESQUI EXPOSITION

Truly international in its scope and variety will be the rodeo which will be one of the outstanding features of the Sesqui Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia.

The entries that have already been received from Mexican and Canadian champions, in addition to those from our own western ranges, assure a competition greater than that which thrilled spectators in Wembley at England's Imperial Exposition, and all other rodeos in this country.

Senor L. Alvez Guyou has spoken for the Mexican contingent. From the Canadian Northwest are coming not only the most daring horsemen and horsewomen, but also the wildest among the big bucking horses and outlaw steers of that vivid region.

Approximately 200 cowboys and cowgirls are in the long list of entries. This includes the present champions in all classes and the cowboys and cowgirls who have given stern battle to the champions. Cash prizes to the total of \$50,000 and trophies that will cost thousands of dollars more will make these competitions in western sports the biggest affair of its kind ever staged.



# WILL, THE WAGON BOY

or, The Diamonds that Came by Express

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

## CHAPTER XI.—The Picture in the Light

But the description of these pictures in the light must be reserved for another chapter, as they proved to be of the highest importance in the solution of the mystery which had gathered about the missing diamonds that came by express.

It began after Mr. Bum, the fakir, had been playing his flageolet about twenty minutes, and the first thing Will thought he saw was a hand thrust out of the flame and suddenly drawn back again.

It was a large hand, and decidedly hairy. The sight of it did not disturb him in the least.

Any old thing went with Will that night; he had come to take everything that had happened, was happening, or could happen as a matter of course.

Next came two hands, and then many.

Some were plainly the hands of men, others were long and slender, like the hands of women, and others still were children's hands; but all were dark like the doctor's and those of Mr. Bum, the fakir.

Then suddenly, as the music rose and fell, the hands disappeared, and the pictures began to come.

It is hard to explain just how Will saw them or dreamed that he saw them, but somehow they seemed to form themselves in the flames.

First he saw himself seated in his wagon in front of Allen's Express office. He appeared to be counting his packages and checking them off in his book.

Then like a flash the picture changed, and there he was again in his wagon, but it was on Maiden Lane. Yes, the wagon was in front of the old building where the murder had taken place.

Everything about the picture was perfect. Will could see the store windows with their display of jewelry and silverware, and the lights twinkling in them; he could see the people passing up and down the Lane, and there even was his little terrier "Spot" beside him on the seat, barking at the passers-by.

As for himself, he was leaning over to take a package out of the wagon. It was the package of diamonds. He was reading the address—"Karl Kutter." He saw himself jump out of the wagon and run into the doorway.

Presto! Change!

Another change came into the light now.

We was in the lapidary's office, and the scene of the delivery of the diamonds was being acted over again.

Will watched it all with intense interest, and with still greater interest waited for what was to come.

It came.

This time Will was not in it. It was the old lapidary alone.

Will saw him lay the package on the little counter, take a knife, and cut the strings. Then he slowly opened it, and up went his hands, and his placid face became filled with amazement.

Will saw it all, even to the diamonds. This picture was progressive, one thing succeeding another like "living pictures" thrown on a screen.

And such diamonds.

It was an amazing display.

All had been removed from their settings; each of the larger ones was enclosed in a paper by itself, and the old lapidary opened each paper in turn.

There was a small oblong box in the package which he opened last.

This contained what appeared to be diamonds of huge size.

Will saw the lapidary laugh as he took them up one by one.

"These," he thought, "must be the imitation diamonds the doctor spoke of."

Then he remembered the Great Ghorgee!

It was there! Karl Kutter had discovered it. He laughed no longer—his eyes opened wide.

He seized the huge stone eagerly and applied a glass to it.

It was as big as a pigeon's egg, and was cut without a "table," as the flat surface forming the top of the ordinary gem is called.

There was little glitter to it, however, and it looked less like a genuine diamond than some of the others.

Will seemed to know instinctively that this must be the Great Ghorgee.

After examining it attentively through the glass for a few moments, Karl Kutter took it to his bench and proceeded to wash it with some liquid which he poured out of a small bottle.

Evidently this removed the substance which had been spread over the diamond to conceal its true character, and it shone out like a blazing star.

Picture after picture followed each other with great rapidity. To describe them all would take far too much space.

The next one of real importance to our story was that which showed the old lapidary when he had packed the diamonds, big and little, in a small wooden box, looking about for a place to hide them.

At first he had looked at the safe.

That, it will be remembered, was entirely filled with drawers.

The big diamonds and the large imitation stone could not have gone into any of the shallow drawers and the drawer been shut on account of their size.

Apparently for some reason not to be shown in the pictures the lapidary did not wish to carry the diamonds out of the place, and as he could not put them in the safe it was necessary to secrete them somewhere.

Then came the last picture which showed how he did it.

Over against the wall was an old chimney with a stovepipe hole above.

This was not in use, as the office was heated by means of a steam radiator. The stovepipe



hole was closed by a wad of old newspapers which had been thrust into it.

In this last picture Will saw Karl Kutter standing on a chair by the chimney. He pulled out the paper and thrust the package of diamonds into the stovepipe hole, then restored the paper.

As this picture vanished the music of the flageolet ceased, and Will, who surely had been in a sort of a half trance, came to himself again.

Mr. Bum, still squatting on the other side of the tripod, appeared to have played himself to sleep, for his head had fallen on his breast.

The doctor was sitting cross-legged on the divan, and was in the act of rolling another cigarette.

"We can talk now," he whispered, "provided we don't speak loud enough to disturb him. Did you see the pictures in the light, Will?"

"I've been dreaming!" breathed Will. "I must have been dreaming. Surely it can't be real."

"It was real, and it was true. Did you find out about the diamonds?"

Will briefly told what he had seen.

"Good! Good!" whispered the doctor. "I am sorry you saw nothing to tell you who committed the murder."

"Will there be more?"

"Not tonight. Bumjado is exhausted. Nothing more can be done at this sitting. We have done wonders at it. One thing is certain; whoever committed the murder never got the Great Ghorgee or any other one of those stones."

"Do you really believe that the diamonds are in that chimney hole now?" asked Will, his eyes opening with amazement, for the more he thought of what he had seen the more astounding it all became.

"I certainly do," replied the doctor. "There isn't the least doubt of it. So sure am I that if it was possible for us to get into that building tonight I should go there at once; but of course, that cannot be done without calling upon the police to help us, and that is just what I don't want to do. But hush! We must not talk any more about it now, for at any moment Bumjado may awake."

In fact, Mr. Bum did awake a very few minutes afterward; in the meantime the fire in the dish had died down.

The old Hindu arose, and bowing before the doctor, spoke a few earnest words, quite unintelligible to Will, of course, as was the doctor's reply.

Then he packed up his basket, picked up the tripod and retired.

"You can put on your clothes now, Will," said the doctor. "Here we are, and for the balance of the night here we must remain. Tomorrow I shall, if all goes well, prove to you how much truth there is in those pictures you saw in the light."

## CHAPTER XII.—Will Finds the Great Ghorgee.

Will slept that night on the divan with Doctor Pajaro.

Mr. Bum brought them an elegant little supper just before midnight, after which they were left to themselves.

Early in the morning breakfast was served

in the room, and as soon as they were through Will and the doctor left the place.

Very little talking was done until they had left the house several blocks behind them.

"It had all turned out better than I thought it would," the doctor then said. "I am sorry that no light was thrown upon the murder, but I hardly expected it. Later we may try again, but the first thing to do is to make a rush for those diamonds. If they are still in the chimney they are ours, but it is pretty certain that they won't be left there very long. Somebody will be overhauling the place. Strange that the detectives should not have made a thorough search, but that is the way it goes."

They pushed on to Maiden Lane, reached the old building and hurried up to the top floor, meeting no one on the way, and attracting no special attention.

"We are in luck," whispered the doctor when they found themselves standing by Karl Kutter's door.

He tried it, and found it fast, for the lock which Mr. Allen had broken had been repaired.

"How are we going to get in?" whispered Will.

"Hold on," said the doctor. "I can manage that. I—hush! There is some one inside there now!"

They stood listening, and could distinctly hear some one walking about inside the room.

"Confound it!" breathed the doctor. "The place must have been rented!"

"Hadn't we better knock on the door?" questioned Will.

"Perhaps we had," replied the doctor, and he was just going to do it when the door was suddenly opened, and they were confronted by a large, heavily built man with a peculiar scar on one side of his face.

He started back at the sight of the two dark figures standing before him. Apparently he had not heard their movements outside of the door.

"Were you wanting anything here?" he gruffly asked.

"We wanted to see Mr. Kutter," replied the doctor.

"Hey?" demanded the man, putting his hand to his ear, which showed the reason why their movements outside of the door had not been heard.

"You'll have to speak louder. I'm hard of hearing," he added.

"We wanted to see Mr. Kutter!" shouted the doctor.

"Kutter's dead," said the man. "I've hired the office."

Thereupon he locked the door and hurried off downstairs.

For a moment the doctor stood irresolute.

"Fool that I am! I believe he has played it out on us!" he suddenly exclaimed. "After him, Will. Quick! He may have found the diamonds. There isn't a minute to be lost!"

They dashed downstairs, but they were too late, for when they reached Maiden Lane the man had disappeared.

The doctor was in a terrible rage.

"We must get back," he said. "I don't believe that fellow has hired the office. We must get inside at any cost."

(To be continued)



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### LARGEST CAVE

Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, is considered the largest cave in the world in that it has the longest avenues and has been more completely explored than other caves. The Carlsbad cavern contains the greatest number of chambers.

### THE BUGONG MOTH

The Bugong moth or butterfly is a delicacy which epicures among certain aboriginal peoples of Australia will travel long distances to obtain. The butterflies gather every year on the slopes of the Bugong Mountains, in New South Wales, where they are caught by being suffocated by the smoke of wood fires lighted under the trees.

### SOLDIER LETS RICHES WAIT

Robert William Bradley, private, first class, Fourth Infantry, resumed the routine of army life with no apparent desire immediately to take over the management of a \$200,000 oil estate at Smackover, Ark.

Bradley, stationed at Fort George Wright, said he would claim the money when he could "get around to it." He plans to complete his second enlistment, of which he has a year and ten months to serve.

Advices from Arkansas said he had been sought for two years.

### SHIPPING CLERK IN OHIO FINDS HE IS A LORD

Fired from his job as a shipping clerk in an Akron rubber factory, Albert Webster thought the world was just a place to worry. Then came a letter and Albert changed his mind.

But his name is no longer Albert. The letter changed all that. He is now Lord Allgood, of Durham, England, and he is master of an English estate of 3,000 acres.

He was a shipping clerk here six months ago. Then his uncle, Lord Allgood died, and the aunt offered to adopt the Akron man and permit him to assume the title.

Now he won't need the rubber company's semi-monthly pay envelope and is on his way to his estate and dignities.

### BOY OF 11 SAVES 260-POUND MAN FROM DEATH IN HIGHLAND LAKE

Eleven-year-old Harry Sulzbach of Highland Lake, N. Y., rescued 260-pound Joe Marchetta from drowning in Highland Lake while six men stood on a dock and cheered. The man and boy had been fishing when the boat upset and neither could reach it.

The lad swam ashore. Then he noticed that Marchetta had gone down. He swam back and saw Marchetta come up for a moment, only to sink again. When he again rose the lad caught his clothes and towed him ashore. There the men on the dock lifted Marchetta out and saved his life by first aid.

Marchetta gave Harry a fine gift for saving him. Harry's father owns Pinehurst House at Highland Lake.

## LAUGHS

There are plenty of people besides chiropractors who make money by rolling the bones.

A man in Indiana is so dry he won't have electric lights because of the "juice."

Billy Sunday, we understand, does not deny that he is a brother to Easter Sunday.

Money talks—oh, well, they have a woman's head on the back of a silver dollar.

"I paid the plumber the last installment today." "Thank goodness! I can at last take a bath with a clean conscience."

Our neighbor's boy gives the following sentence using the words sodas, "Mary uses lipstick and sodas sister Ann."

"I see where a cow ate an airplane the other day." "Maybe she was the original cow that jumped over the moon and did it in a fit of jealousy."

Mistress—James, run out and tell those urchins to get off the lawn. Oh, I wish I had a dog. Servant—But, ma'am, I've got such a cold this morning I can scarcely speak a word. Mistress—So much the better. Rush out and bark at them, then.

Weep no more my lady,  
Weep no more today  
Because your nice complexion  
Your tears will wash away.

No wonder there are so many accidents. How can you drive a car and keep your eye on crowded traffic and dangerous feminine curves at the same time.

"Smith," said the schoolmaster, what is a cape?" "Please, sir, it's land extending into the sea." "Right! And you, Jones, what is a gulf?" "Water extending into the land," was Jones' reply.. "Also correct. Now, Clark, what is a mountain?" "Er—it's—er," stumbled Clark, "it's land extending into the air!"



## FOUND HIS BOY

Tom Merry was a bachelor of thirty, but he looked considerably older at the time, and more especially when he was in a thoughtful mood.

He was in a thoughtful mood as he was crossing the South Ferry to Brooklyn one night, after he had put in a weary day in a lawyer's office in the lower part of the City of New York.

As the boat was pushing into the slip a little boy toddled out of the cabin toward him, and caught him by the coat as he lisped forth:

"Papa."

At that moment a tall woman, wearing a dark veil, followed the child out of the cabin, and caught him as if to draw away from Tom, as she said in husky tones:

"You bad boy, that is not your father. Please excuse the child, sir."

The people were hurrying out of the boat at the moment, and as the little fellow still clung to Tom Merry, he bent down and raised him in his arms, saying, in his good-natured tones.

"All right, madam, I will take the little fellow up over the bridge.

And without waiting for the consent of the lady, who was dressed in black, he sprang up toward the ferry gate with the little boy who appeared to cling to him in the most friendly manner. The lady followed hastily, and when she reached the gate a tall man, who appeared to be muffled up with the collar of his fall overcoat, sprang at her and seized her by the arm crying:

"I have caught you at last! Now I want you to come right home with me."

"You are mistaken, sir, as I do not know you. Let go of my arm, I beg you."

"If the lady is your wife," protested Tom Merry, "you shouldn't break her arm in that way, and I ask you to let her go also."

The stranger answered by raising his right arm and aiming a blow at Tom's face.

Tom did not fancy the kindness intended for him, and he warded off the blow with his right hand, giving the fellow a severe push at the same time.

The stranger fell to the ground, grumbling fearfully, and releasing his grasp on the woman at the same time.

Then away she darted, flying like a hunted criminal as she turned down Furman Street.

Tom Merry drew back, expecting the man to assail him again.

When the man regained his feet, however, he did not attempt to assail Tom, but hastened away after the woman.

When Tom reached Furman Street with the little boy in his arms he looked down in search of the woman and her pursuer, but could not see a trace of the man or the woman.

He kept walking up and down the street for fully ten minutes, while the little fellow in his arms appeared to be perfectly contented, as he soon fell into a sound slumber.

After reflecting for some time longer, the puzzled man decided to take the little fellow to his own room, which was only a few streets away, and then give notice to the nearest police station

as to where he lived, so that the father or mother might be informed about him.

When the weary man returned to his humble bedroom again, he was not in the humor for work, and he took a seat in his old armchair, as he said to himself:

"I'll rest a while and then tackle the work."

He did rest a while, as he fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awaken until after daylight in the morning.

The little stranger was still sleeping soundly in the bed, and after rubbing his eyes and washing himself in cold water. Tom thought of his work and proceeded to light his pipe.

When he arrived at the office he found a very good piece of news before him in the form of a letter from one of the leading New York publishers.

Tom Merry had written a novel some time before, and he had sent the manuscript for publication to several publishers, but it had been rejected time and again.

That novel was at last accepted by a good house, and Tom was offered a fair price for it at a time when he was sadly in need of a few dollars.

On reaching the house he found that no one had come to inquire about the little stranger, and he then hastened away to the station-house to make inquiries there.

Yes, a young woman had inquired about the boy very early in the morning, and the sergeant had given her both the Brooklyn and the New York City addresses of the man who had taken charge of him for the night.

Tom Merry hastened back to his boarding-house again, only to learn that the child's mother had not called there as yet.

On reaching his old employer's office in the afternoon he found a letter addressed to him in a lady's fine handwriting.

It was from the boy's mother, and in it she begged him, in the most imploring terms, to care for the child for the present, while she promised to remunerate him for his trouble.

The letter concluded by saying:

"The man who assailed me last night has been the bane of my life, and he is not my husband, but he is my child's uncle. The child's father died six months ago, and he did resemble you very much.

"I am compelled to fly in haste from the wretch who is persecuting me, and I dare not take my boy with me, fearing that his uncle would pursue me through him. I cannot give you my name or my future address, as goodness only knows where I will have to fly. If you have the heart of a man, take care of the child for his own sake, and he will reward you in future if I do not.

"It may be days, months, or even years before you hear from me again, but a persecuted and unhappy woman swears to you that you will never regret the kindness you may show the little boy, who called you father on first beholding you."

Having no near relatives in the world that he knew of, Tom took the little boy to a respectable boarding-house in Harlem, where he represented him as his own son.

The boy's protector was known in New York City to his very few friends as Tom Merry, but that was not his real name.



Some years before his father became involved in a disgraceful affair in the great city, and Tom thought it best to travel under an assumed name.

Very soon after taking charge of the boy, revelations appeared in the New York papers which proved that he was an innocent man, and that he was the victim of clever sharpers.

About the time that the revelations were published, Tom received a splendid offer from a mercantile house in San Francisco, and he went to that city, taking little Massey, as the boy called himself, with him.

On arriving on the shores of the Pacific, the honest fellow assumed his real name again, and that was Tobias Merriman.

When young Massey Merriman, as he was called, was fifteen years of age, his father took him on a trip to the East, and they arrived in the city of New York in safety.

Desiring to know if the strange lady had ever made inquiries about her son, he called at the office of the old lawyer, where he found two letters awaiting him there for over eight years.

They were both written from London by Massey's mother, and one of them inclosed a draft for one hundred dollars.

The letters from London were signed "Emma Wheeler," and the lady who called at the lawyer's office gave the same name, but she did not leave any address or state when she would call again.

The anxious man left his New York address for the time with the old lawyer, and then hastened away to insert advertisements in the New York papers addressed to Emma Wheeler, in which he intimated where Thomas Merry could be found.

The adopted father took his son to the theater that night to see a famous actress who had returned to America after many years of triumph in Europe and Australia.

Merriman was surprised upon hearing the voice of the great actress, and he turned to gaze at the boy beside him, as he said to himself:

"Blame my eyes, if that isn't just like the voice of the woman I heard on the ferry-boat that night. Can it be that it is my mascot's mother?"

Merriman kept asking the question during the whole performance, and he was asking it still when they went out into the street, while he continued, saying:

"If I could only find out where she is stopping, I would call on her this very night."

At that moment the actress came out of the theatre.

The woman sprang into the cab waiting for her, and the driver started on the instant, while Merriman dragged his son into another conveyance as he said to the driver.

"Follow the actress, and I will pay you well."

The two cabs were soon rolling away up Broadway, and a third followed soon after.

The actress was just entering her private boarding-house as she heard hurried footsteps behind her, and then a voice fell upon her ear, saying:

"Miss Parker, may I not speak a few words with you?"

Before the actress could reply her old assailant sprang out of the third cab and ran at her like a crazy man, crying:

"I tell you I must have the boy. Give him up to me, or it will be worse for you."

Merriman recognized the voice on the instant, although it was years since he had heard it before.

The actress stared down at Merriman and the young lad with eager eyes.

"Who are you, sir?"

"I was once known as Tom Merry, madam."

The words were scarcely uttered when the woman gave a cry of astonishment, and she then gazed at the lad, crying:

"Is this dear Massey?"

"It is, madam."

"My dear son, I am able to protect you now, and to reward the good man who saved you that night."

The crazy man seized the woman at the moment when Merriman caught him and looked him straight in the eyes as he cried:

"Frank Merriman, do you not know me?"

"My brother Tobias!" gasped the fellow, who was about two years older than Massey's protector.

He then fell down, as if in a fit, and Tobias bent over him, saying:

"I thought he was dead long ago."

"He ought to be in the madhouse," cried the excited woman, "as he has been the bane of my life."

On the death of her husband Frank Merriman insisted that she would become his wife, but the woman refused.

Then commenced a career of persecution which only ended on the death of the crazy man, which took place three nights after the meeting near the theatre.

Tom Merry's mascot was really his own nephew, after all, and the bright lad was heir to a large estate in South America, which had been held from him by his crazy uncle.

About three months after Merriman and his mascot returned to San Francisco, and Massey's mother returned with them.

Tobias Merriman prevailed on the actress to become his wife soon after, and the good man had never reason to regret the night when he first discovered his little mascot who had addressed him as papa.

## TYPEWRITING RECORD AMAZES SHOW JUDGES

The almost incredible record for typewriting, set by Albert Tangora of Paterson, N. J., a short time ago, at the annual efficiency exposition of the National Business Show held at the Sixty-ninth Regiment armory, Lexington Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, New York, will remain a mark for speed demons to aim at for a long time, according to authorities at the exhibition.

Tangora pounded out 9,120 words in an hour and, after penalties were deducted, was still credited with a speed of 147 words a minute. He beat by a single word George Hossfield, four times holder of the record.

Record crowds flocked to the business show recently, executive's day on its calendar. According to visitors, the show was an effective exposition of American efficiency and is pointing out to interested visitors methods by which they can increase the earnings of their organizations.



## GOOD READING

### 1,000 ARE REPORTED MISSING AS JAPANESE VOLCANO ERUPTS

A dispatch from Sapporo, Hokkaido, to the Tokio Nichinichi, reports that 1,000 farmers are missing as the result of an eruption of a long extinct volcano in the mountains of Tokachi Province, Central Hokkaido.

The same dispatch reports that 2,000 farmers were driven to take refuge in the hills by the overflowing of the River Kambetsu owing to the eruption.

There were three explosions of the volcano yesterday, each carrying huge quantities of rocks and lava and causing numerous landslides.

One village is reported to have been wiped out by a flood of water and lava, 200 of the inhabitants being buried.

### HUNDRED DEAD IN SEA OF MUD

A mountain lake, released by an eruption from a long inactive volcano crater, caused the greater part of the death and destruction which followed recent resumption of activity in Mount Tokachi, in Central Hokkaido, northernmost of the principal islands of Japan.

The Governor of Hokkaido reported to the Home Minister that one hundred dead and more than two hundred injured had been removed from the mass of mud, lava and rocks precipitated from the long slumbering crater.

Besides these, about one thousand farmers of the newly opened, but rapidly developing agricultural district around the mountain are missing, and it is impossible to tell how many of these may have been buried alive in the floods of water and mud.

### SURPRISES IN SIBERIA

I had thought of Siberia as a convict settlement only, with a small population composed largely of criminals and political exiles. I found it a country of nearly nine million people, ninety-seven per cent. of whom were either natives or voluntary immigrants, with the exile system discontinued or transferred to the island of Sakhalin, and all, as a rule, earning better wages, living in better houses, having better food and clothing, and enjoying much more political freedom than in European Russia, and, indeed, in some other European countries in whose behalf our sympathies have not been evoked, says a correspondent of the National Geographic Magazine.

I had believed it to be a frozen wilderness and a desert waste. The portion through which I traveled was a land like Minnesota, the Dakotas and the foothills of the Rockies, where wheat and rye and vegetables matured; where strawberries, currants and raspberries abound; where sheep, horses and cattle graze unsheltered throughout the year, and where a greater extent of virgin forest of splendid birch and pine is found than the whole area of the United States.

I was told, and I believe it is true, that straight through the Kingan Mountains to the Urals, for about four hundred miles north of the Trans-Siberian Railroad like conditions prevail, and

north of this tillable land was four hundred miles or more of unbroken forest before the frozen tundra or Arctic waste was reached.

### DAISY, PET COW, ON STROLL, STARTS A ROW, WHEN FAMILY COMES TO AID OF SCARED GIRL

Daisy, a brindle-and-white milk sow, owned by Anna and Tessie Stravinsky, spinsters, or 994 Lorraine Street, Brooklyn, wandered from her back yard just before milking time last night and rambled into Atkins Avenue, where Mary Sanguedice, 4 years old, a city child, was at play.

Daisy walked in the immemorial custom of cows out for a Sunday afternoon stroll in the springtime, with a list first to one side and then to the other; and Mary, who stood wide-eyed in Daisy's path, fell to the pavement, screaming:

"It bit me! It bit me!"

Daisy, pet of her mistresses, paid no attention to the obvious slander, but not so with Mary's father, Joseph; her mother, Angela; her brother, Salvatore, 11 years old, and a host of Sanguedice relatives and friends who poured from the Sanguedice home at 579 Atkins Avenue.

Joseph, Angela and Salvatore, 11 years old, and their relatives and friends, a dozen all told, grasped scantlings as they came from the Sanguedice yard and in a body set upon Daisy with such a belaboring of sticks, stones and hard words as ever a pet cow received, while Mary continued to cry, as if she believed it, "It bit me! It bit me!"

All the neighborhood resounded with the cries of the vendetta on Daisy until Anna and Tessie Stravinsky, roused from Sunday afternoon naps, came to the rescue of their pet, milk cream and butter.

Salvatore, 11 years old, saw them first and, wielding a scantling lustily, he met them more than half way. The women screamed with pain and anger and attempted to give blow for blow.

Someone telephoned for the police. Patrolmen McCarthy, McKay and Feeley and Detective Herman Schiesser, sole reserves of the Liberty Avenue Station, came in a flivver. They subdued Salvatore, 11 years old, first. Next they quieted the other Sanguedices. Detective Schiesser stood guard over Daisy, who was round-eyed with amazement at such goings-on, and the patrolmen looked after the Misses Stravinsky.

Daisy's owners were cut on the head and were sent to the Bradford Street Hospital. Salvatore, 11 years old, was arrested, charged with juvenile delinquency in striking them, and was paroled in the custody of his father for arraignment today in the Children's Court. Detective Schiesser led Daisy back to her yard.

Long after milking time Daisy mooed in the darkness in the manner of a cow which has not been milked long after milking time. A neighbor telephoned to the Liberty Avenue Station that something should be done about it.

"All right," said Detective Schiesser, who answered the telephone, "I'll find a cop who's been raised on a farm. He'll milk her."



## INTERESTING ARTICLES

## ANCIENT DISPENSARY

About 4600 B. C. a public dispensary was established in Egypt, the medical attendant for which received the equivalent of \$500 a year for his services. This was at that time about five times the amount received by a skilled laborer.

## GAS MASKS FOR READING

Some of the students in Paris, when perusing ancient books, are in the habit of wearing gas masks for protection from inhalation of microbes which are said to infect the old volumes.

## GIRL, 90 POUNDS, ARRIVES HOME FROM LION HUNT

Perhaps the most diminutive big game hunter that ever brought a lion down in his tracks or survived the charge of a herd of African buffalo is Miss Ann C. Bliven, twenty-three, of New York, arriving recently on the Cunarder Franconia, returning from a cruise around the world. Miss Bliven is four feet eight inches tall and weighs 90 pounds. She recently came out of the Belgian and French Congo with the pelts of many wild beasts, including a lion. She missed an elephant, but her brother got it. She is going back next year.

## SNAKE IN AUTO HOLDS UP TRAFFIC IN BUSY STREET

A huge coach whip snake brought traffic to a standstill at a downtown corner and caused a crowd of pedestrians hunting the snake almost to dismantle a small coupe in which the reptile took hiding after being chased from the top of the Jewish synagogue.

At first the snake coiled around the fan and fought back as the driver lifted the hood and then began racing back and forth on the transmission, resisting all efforts to destroy it. He disappeared, and after the upholstery had been ripped off he was at last captured.

## NECK BROKEN, SPINAL CORD SEVERED, MAN LIVES

Despite a broken neck and the partial severance of the spinal cord, John M. Perego continues to live—miraculously, said doctors at Maryland General Hospital.

The case is almost without medical precedent, according to physicians who are coming from all over the city to inspect the injury and X-ray photographs of it as a medical phenomenon.

Perego received the injury while walking on a farm near Harrisburg, Pa. He fell into an irrigation ditch.

His recovery is impossible, doctors say.

## 10,000 BOTTLES TO CHART CURRENTS IN HARBOR HERE

To test the currents in New York Harbor the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of New York City is preparing to set 10,000 bottles adrift there, it was made known at the War Department.

The board, through Arthur S. Tuttle, chief engineer, has requested the assistance of the Chief

of Engineers of the War Department in investigating the currents.

It is planned to release the sealed bottles from selected points in four lots at biweekly intervals. Each bottle will contain a card asking the finder for certain information to be mailed to the board.

## "WOUNDED HERO'S" YARN FALSE ONE; HO, WORKHOUSE!

The proverbial silver lining was as absent from the cloud which overhung Lawrence Oberndorfer, chauffeur, of No. 1385 Nelson Avenue, in Traffic Court, as was the silver plate he asserted he wore in his abdomen as a result of being wounded in the Argonne.

He was before Magistrate Jean Norris charged with reckless driving.

Pleading guilty, he said he had been badly wounded in France and had a silver plate in his stomach. But a probation officer told the court that although Oberndorfer had been in the army, he had never been in battle.

The absence of the silver plate meant two days in a Workhouse cell for the chauffeur. He failed to pay his \$25 fine.

## AMERICANS DON'T WANT TALKING MOVIES; PREFER SILENT FILM SHOWS, SAYS EDISON

Americans are not interested in talking movies; they prefer the restful quiet of the film theatre, and to reproduce the screen actor's talk would destroy the illusion.

This is the way it appears to Thomas A. Edison, who led the development of both the movie and the phonograph, the instruments it is now proposed to combine.

The seventy-nine-year-old inventor answered questions in the Hotel Traymore, Atlantic City, recently by saying that "talking movies will not come into general commercial use as long as the American public continues to display its present attitude.

"Americans require a restful quiet in the moving picture theatre," he continued; "and for them talking from the lips of the figures on the screen destroys the illusion. Devices for protecting the film actor's speech can be perfected, but the idea is not practical. The stage is the place for the spoken word. The reactions of the American public up to now indicate the movies will not supersede it."

"Do your experiments lead you to believe that telephone pictures from continent to continent will soon include moving pictures, projected in London and shown in New York?" he was asked.

"It is entirely possible, but only as a 'stunt.' I do not believe it would be practical for either the American or the British movie industry."

Someone asked him what he thought would be happening in this world one hundred years from now. Mr. Edison smiled and said he hadn't the slightest idea; he did think the world would progress mechanically and industrially and that other men, in that future time, would answer the question.



## FROM EVERYWHERE

## SEA GULL AS PET

John R. Stacey, a Marblehead lobster man, has done something that few other men have been able to accomplish. He has won the confidence of a wild sea gull so that the bird will accompany him on his trips to inspect his traps and will even eat raw fish from his hands. This particular gull is jealous, too, as he drives away any other gull that seems inclined to make friends with Mr. Stacey.

20 x 12-INCH PICTURE COSTS BUYER  
\$17,000

A small painting by Manet, a "Punchinello," 20 inches high and 12 1-2 inches wide, has fetched 420,000 francs at a sale at the Hotel Drouot. In addition the buyer will have to pay taxes of nearly twenty per cent., which will bring the cost to more than 500,000 francs, or about \$17,000. The purchaser is a Frenchman.

The little picture was shown in the 1874 Salon and was bought by the celebrated singer, Jean Baptiste Faure. It was sold in 1878 for 2,000 gold francs, or about \$400.

BAPTIST MEETING EJECTS WOMAN FOR  
LOUD PRAYER

A woman was ejected from the Northern Baptist convention, Washington, D. C., recently, for praying aloud.

Mrs. Jeannette Loeks, a delegate from Grand Rapids, Mich., and a fundamentalist, has been assured a chance to speak when the fundamentalists-modernist battle was fought out. But she was ignored.

When Dr. Edwin H. Rhoades, Jr., of Toledo, president of the convention and a modernist, called for prayer, Mrs. Loeks' voice was audible. Doctor Rhoades asked that she be escorted from the hall.

Mrs. Loeks left quietly.

"BROKE," FARMERS DESERT COUNTRY  
FOR JOBS IN CITY

Not the bright lights, nor the theatres, but bread and butter, has brought about the migration of the farmer from the country to the city.

That is the consensus of 100,000 farmers who have answered a questionnaire sent out by the Sears-Roebuck Agriculture Foundation.

The desertion of the farm is because of financial pressure—the farmer is going "broke," they declared.

In the city every member of the family can become a wage earner, the farmers point out.

Prices to the farmer are high, taxes are high and the cost of production is more than the price obtainable, according to the survey.

CHRIST PREACHED IN INDIA ANCIENT  
LAMA WRITINGS SHOW

The existence of manuscripts in the Hemis Monastery of Ladak, written during the life of

Christ by Lamas and telling about His travels and preaching in India, Tibet and Central Asia, has been verified by the Roerich art expedition, the Boerich Museum here announced a few days ago, the Associated Press says.

The manuscripts will throw much light on the vague years of Christ's life before his return to Jerusalem in His twenty-ninth year, it is believed.

The expedition, in and around the Chinese Turkestan since 1923, was detained in Central Asia by the Daotai of Hotan, but later was released after its arms were confiscated, according to the museum.

Nicholas Roerich, painter, philosopher and mystic; Mrs. Roerich and their son George, an authority on Oriental languages, made up the expedition, which left America early in 1923. They have sent back to the museum at No. 322 Riverside Drive more than one hundred and fifty paintings, embracing an entire artistic panorama of the Far East's histories and legends.

BRITISH SCIENTIST PRESENTS NEW THE-  
ORY OF SUN AS A VORTEX SPINNING  
WITH UNEQUAL SPEEDS

That the sun, instead of rotating like the earth, areas on whose surface revolve at a speed proportionately greater than the areas near its centre, is a sort of vortex spinning rapidly in the middle and more slowly at the outside, is the new and revolutionary theory advanced by Dr. J. H. Jeans, the British scientist.

Doctor Jeans, who was Professor of Applied Mathematics at Princeton University for four years and Research Associate at Mount Wilson Observatory three years ago, has laid his view before the Royal Astronomical Society.

It disputes the opinion, held ever since Gallileo first noted how the sun spots traveled across the disk, that the sun, like the earth, rotated all in one piece.

Radiation is held by Doctor Jeans to be the factor which accounts for the fact that the speed rotation of the sun is much less near the surface than at the centre. Until recently radiation was thought to be immaterial, so that it could pass freely through the body of the sun.

"In the modern view, however," says Professor H. H. Turner, Professor of Astronomy of Oxford University, commenting on Doctor Jean's theory, "radiation has become material, so that on its way from the hot centre of the sun outward to the cooler surface it puts an increasing brake on the rotating layers, thus ultimately reducing the speed of the outer layers to a mere fraction of that of the inner.

"It is jostled by the layers and jostles them in turn. During its ascent to the surface its rotating speed would be continuously increased by the jostling layers, and these, by reaction, would themselves be correspondingly slowed down. The layers would be successively impeded more and more, the outermost suffering the most severely. Thus the stream of particles from the centre of the sun outward would ultimately reduce the speed of the outer layers considerably."



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